



Union School High

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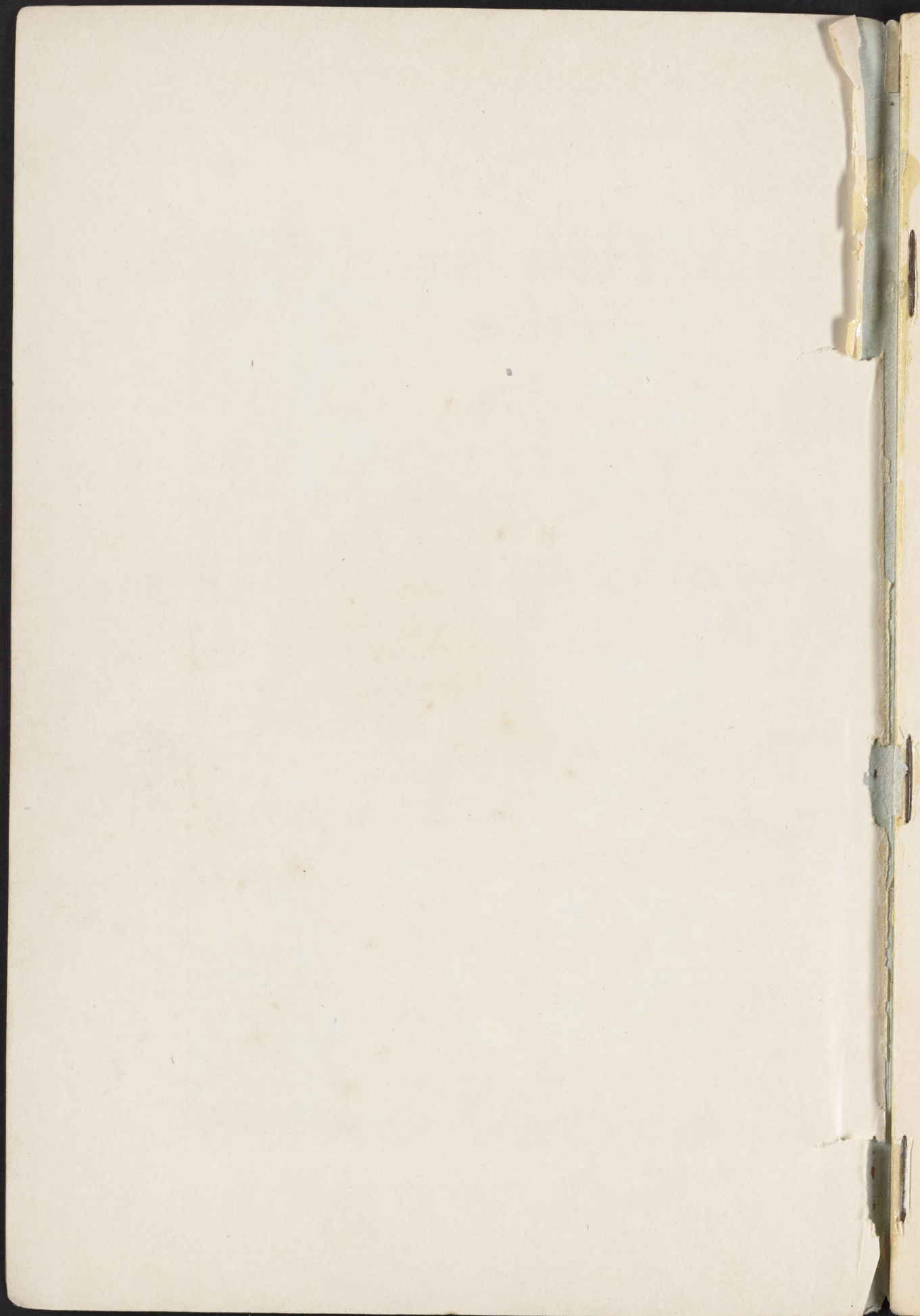
Centreville
California
1900

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UNION HIGH SCHOOL, No. 2,



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CENTREVILLE, CALIFORNIA

The Mystery of the Casa Branca.

A Tale Told by a Wandering Musician.

It happened that in the Spring of the year 1862, I was in and around the town of San Diego, gathering in a stray "shekel" now and then, whenever my music was favored by the listeners. Now, the town was a busy little place, but I didn't like it at all. The people were all to themselves, and the old Spanish settlers, who in other places were so open-hearted and generous, were distrustful of Americans, because of several outrages that had been committed by a lawless band of mountaineers. For this same reason, honest men were scarce, so I thought I had struck it rich when I met a fellow that I was acquainted with, in a supply store. This fellow I had met on a former visit to the town, and this time he invited me to take a ride with him out to his ranch. I found out that he had considerable good land, and was well fixed for a rancher in that day.

He had an honest looking face, and was very willing to help me in any way. He asked me if I had been down to the Fan. This was a gambling house with a dance hall annex. I told him I didn't like to favor such a place, so he told me to get in his wagon and come out to

Savvy's, at the "Forty-Mile" house. "If you don't want to go on to the ranch you can stop at the tavern, and come back any day, because there is always somebody coming in," he explained. As I had nothing better to do I accepted his offer, and in a short time we were going across the country in a south-easterly direction.

The road was heavy with loose dust, and progress was slow even for a good team like his; but about an hour before sundown we hauled up at the tavern. On the sign board was the high sounding Spanish name, "Casa Branca." The place had been established several years ago by an industrious and enterprising Frenchman, who was the present smiling and happy owner. His name was Phillipe Savenelle, but he was always called Savvy.

The Casa Branca was well up in the hills and was situated on a little flat, just where the road commenced to wind up a rocky gulch in its course over the range. Besides the tavern and its old adobe stables, there were several other small buildings in the little settlement. Savvy's house stood immediately back of the tavern and was the only nice

building in the place. The old garden-er's shack was back against the hill, near a little spring, and further down the road were the miserable adobe huts of a few diggers, who, it seemed, haunted every place where civilization took hold.

There was nothing unusual about the tavern, so nothing of interest was brought to my notice, until we were collected in the rude reception room after supper. Mine host gave me a seat in a favorable corner, and bade me to "strike up a dance—a merry *bolero* for ze young people to keep in practice." As the music started the young fellows started also. Indeed it was a rather rough sort of merry-making, and the rough shod attempts at "stag-dances" were offset by an attempted *bolero* on the veranda. If one fellow tried to sing, the rest would whoop and yell until the song died a natural death.

As for myself, my music not only helped to make things sociable, but it gave me an excellent opportunity to observe the motley assembly before me. There were range men and ranchers, teamsters and travelers, property-owners and prospectors,—all enjoying themselves without regard to nationality. Besides these, there was a group of dirty, black looking diggers, who grinned from ear, to ear if they happened to "get in on the drinks."

I had been watching in particular, a disagreeable, sullen and devilish looking teamster who sat in the further corner. He had said nothing nor changed his position once during the evening, but had kept his eyes on another person in the room. This other person Savvy told me was a certain Pete Stedman, who claimed to own a silver mine across the border, in Southern California. He was a man

of average height, with nothing noticeable about his features but a pair of searching, vicious, black eyes. An ordinary man would have seen nothing extraordinary about Stedman, except that he was well dressed, and was very sociable. He was talking all evening, first to this one, and then to that.

But this teamster, as I said, had watched Stedman all evening; never, for more than a moment were his eyes fixed on another object. Stedman was conscious of the teamster's steady gaze, but he did not seem to resent such close scrutiny; rather he went to the other extreme, and recognized the teamster by a sly wink or a nod, now and then, the receipt of which the teamster acknowledged by dropping his eyelids and champing his sullen jaws at the same time.

After a pleasant evening, the guests went to their rooms, but my companion of the morning stayed in the room and talked with Savvy. Their conversation was not important so I joined in. My friend's name was Hoffman, and from the words that passed back and forth, I found out that he and Savvy each had an interest in a section of claims in the Tia Juana range, about sixty miles south. There had been an attempt made by a lot of claim jumpers to appropriate part of this property. A "wild-cat" scare on the Casito Creek where the claims were, had been taken as the time to record the claims, because then there was a great deal of confusion.

No one knew the names of the fellows who tried this job of raiding, but in a pre-emptory trial they all swore that they had been hired to act as they did, by a "middle-aged man, with dark eyes and hair, who seemed to have plenty of

money, and surely had a lively tongue." This fellow, they also said, had skipped just as soon as he heard that the fellows had been "pinched," and he hadn't been seen nor heard of since. A strange story indeed, but Hoffman concluded the best thing he could do, was to strike out for that part of the country himself. "If there is anything in the claims I will clean them up," he said, "otherwise I shall return as soon as possible."

This was all that I heard that night, but I didn't lose any sleep over the facts in the case. I arose the next morning in time to see Hoffman take his leave of the host; I had arranged the night before to stay at the tavern a couple of days, and my friend had allowed me to sleep as long as I wished.

Stedman was around the place somewhere, because I heard his voice. He seemed to be giving orders, so I looked carefully over the yard to find him. At last I located him. I didn't know him at first; he was using all sorts of nice words in his gentle efforts to get that teamster started off. When the teamster was ready to go Stedman left him with a parting injunction to get back before tomorrow night.

"You seem to be in a rush, Meester Stedman," said Savvy, who had also been watching the performance. Stedman, who stood watching the retreating wagon of the teamster, turned quickly at this remark and said, "O nothing at all, Savvy. Nothing at all, only I want him to get back and haul up some wood for me in a couple of days. I bought about fifty cords on old Bernaro's ranch, and I want him to get it out of the gulch for me. And then, you know, it don't hurt one of those lazy greasers to be hurried a little bit."

Here he stopped but suddenly he laughed and said: "He didn't pay you off did he Savvy?"

"No," said Savvy. "He always pays when he comes back. He don't run a a very big bill because he don't sleep in the house."

"Well, here," said Stedman, as he handed Savvy a Mexican dollar, "take this and call his accounts square. Give the poor greaser a treat just for a change."

At breakfast that morning, Stedman took an extra cup of strong coffee but did little harm to the rest of the meal. It might be that he had another "extra" of something else, for he surely acted strangely the rest of the day. He would quiet down for a time and seem entirely absorbed in his own affairs, and then if wakened from his reverie, he would start with a jump and, walking up to the first person he saw, he would talk and joke with them in an excited tone. It did not seem likely that the wood he spoke of would spoil if left in the gulch a day or two, so I concluded that there was something wrong with him.

The next day while the people were on the veranda talking, Stedman remarked that Hoffman had gone across the border.

"Yes," replied Savvy. "He went down to look after those claims, I believe, but I don't think that there is any need of it."

"Well, that was a big deal, that appropriating scheme that those four fellows tried," said Stedman. "Did Hoffman go by himself?"

"No," said Savvy. "He took old Shule along to cook and tend camp." This fellow that they called Shule was an old Austrian, a sheepherder, that

would rather eat his old hat then stay behind when Hoffman was gone for a time.

Several days passed and then it became known that Stedman and his teamster had also gone across the border. He had circulated some kind of a story about his being afraid that some "cayouse" would try to "buckle on to" his silver mining interests, and he thought it would be best if he were around if such a thing happened.

The next day I returned to San Diego and started on a tour northward. I had only been gone about two weeks, when I concluded to go back. So I reached the town after an absence of about a month. About the first words I heard were something concerning the mysterious disappearance of a man named Hoffman. After further inquiry I knew that it must be the fellow I had met, and I was greatly distressed to hear those reports about him. I had known him only as a generous hearted rancher, but I felt a personal interest in him. I could get no satisfactory information about the affair in town so I hunted up a ride to the Casa Branca. I walked into the same supply store, where I had met Hoffman on my former visit. Here there was one fellow who was talking excitedly about this very Hoffman affair. From the way he talked he must have known Hoffman but to make sure, I asked him if he had.

"Why yes, I knew him," he said. "I knew him quite well and that is my reason for thinking he has met with foul play." I concluded that he lived somewhere out that line so I asked him for a ride out to Savvy's. He readily consented but he added, "it isn't everybody that likes to stop there now. Just because Hoffman and Savvy had a partner-

ship in some claims people say that Savvy knows more than he would like to tell."

But I had nothing to lose in the venture, so I rode out to Casa Branca with the stranger. Savvy was very glad to see me, and I could see at a glance that he was worried a great deal about something. So taking advantage of the first opportunity, I asked him what there was in these reports about Hoffman. He led the way into a back room and started to explain. In his excitement his French dialect came out strongly, "Oh, Mr. Hollees!" he said. "I wish you would help me set things right. Here I am tell that Mr. Hoffman ees gone. Where he ees gone to, nobody can tell me. They tell me maybe I know. Eh, if I know, why don't I tell them where he ees? Then people don't think that Mr. Hoffman run off with the money out of the claims, and they don't suspect me."

"Well, Savvy," I replied, "It is a pretty bad piece of business, but I think Hoffman was all right and a square, honest man."

"Oh, yes! Certain Mr. Hoffman ees honest," he answered earnestly. "He don't take the money and run off. I know he don't because a man from the Casito Creek say Hoffman don't work on the creek claims, but he dig a tunnel up the slope in the placer. Then he say Hoffman want to sell his claims, and that Hoffman go over the range to the mail camp. Then nobody know where he went. He come back in the dark, and next morning the men see his tent take down but they don't see Hoffman any more. They say, 'I guess Hoffman sell out,' when they don't see him at work, and see his camp gone. Well, I

wait two weeks, and don't hear from him; so Senor Bernaro, the young man, goes over to the Casito on horseback. When he comes back, he say Hoffman ees gone, and that the claims ees worth money. He say that Hoffman was talking to a man that they called Pete,"—"What! Stedman?" I interrupted. "Was Stedman down there?"

"Yes, Mr. Hollees, Stedman is down there yet, they think, but nobody knows where. And I think we had better find Stedman, and ask him some questions. Eh! What do you think, Mr. Hollees? Now Senor Bernaro, he buy my claims for a thousand dollars. He say that it will take money to work the claims, so I let them go. Then Senor Bernaro say he will find Stedman. One man up on the range wants to see Stedman about some horses that he bought and didn't pay for, and the other men want to know about Mr. Hoffman. If they get angry they maybe treat Stedman pretty rough, but I can't stop them."

This was Savvy's story. I was impressed by the grief he showed at being a suspect. No one really suspected him but, being connected with the whole affair, the authorities watched him closely. I found out later that most of his worry was for his family. His daughter, whom he always called "Mees Essie," was almost distracted. She knew the rough-and-ready sort of justice that prevailed and was afraid that her father might not be treated fairly.

Nothing came of the search made by Bernaro and Hoffman was still unlocated. But Bernaro found out that Stedman's disappearance was about as mysterious as Hoffman's. In hunting up Stedman's mining interests, Bernaro and the fellows with him, found out that they

consisted of several claims about forty miles east of the Casito, on which several shafts had been sunk. All of the shafts except one had caved in, but to see a caved-in mining shaft in that district was nothing unusual, so they were not examined closely. One of the shafts looked as if it had caved from the effects of a blast, but, again, that was nothing unusual, so the fellows returned. They had found out nothing about Hoffman except that old Shule was also minus. Some connected Shule with the mystery, but the general belief was that "Shule wouldn't harm Hoffman for a set of false teeth," so they concluded that Shule was with Hoffman. No further developments were made, so after a couple of days I took my leave. I wandered out to the Casa Branca again about a year later, but I found that Hoffman's disappearance was still a mystery. The idlers about the tavern talked about the affair in their efforts to amuse strangers, but Savvy was the only one who worried about the matter. As before, I took my leave after staying a couple of days, and it was only an idle man's curiosity that led me to look up the Casa Branca, when I happened to be in San Diego about six years later. From what information I could get in the town, I found out that there had been no further developments in regard to Hoffman. My curiosity might have ended here if I had not wished to see old Savvy.

I arrived at the Casa Branca the next day. Savvy was very glad to see "his old friend, Mr. Hollees." With the exception of a few additional houses, the settlement was little changed. The tavern was the same old place, but Savvy was not now gay and obliging. I saw

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that my presence recalled anxious thoughts to his mind, so that afternoon Hoffman's story was again discussed by us, but Savvy was hopeless of every having the matter cleared up.

That afternoon of the day I arrived, there came to the tavern a weary looking gent carrying a bundle, which, from appearance, contained his worldly possessions. He looked as if his best friend had forsaken him. He was about fifty years of age but his face was sad and careworn. There was an unusual pallor about his cheeks, and his hair was streaked with gray. Beside the fact that he looked older than he really was, there was nothing apparently strange about him.

That evening this stranger didn't talk much, but somehow, a couple of rough cattlemen found that he was afraid of a gun. So they got out of the room and started a "young cannonade" out on the veranda. At the first shot, a look of terror came into his face. His eyes glistened and then became lustreless. If he had been shot instead of being scared, it would have had no worse effect upon him. As the firing continued, he became quiet, but I saw that there was something besides mere fear that caused him to act so strangely, and I asked the fellows to stop their fun.

There was a young collector at the tavern from San Diego. He also had noticed this stranger's actions, but he took it more seriously than I did.

"That man has been scared by a gun," he said to me, "and the incident is wearing on his mind yet."

We both felt sorry for him but we had no love for discussing another person's short-comings, so the matter dropped for the night.

It was late in November, and the next morning there were signs of a rain-storm. Those who had to leave the tavern started early in the morning, but those who didn't have to go, gladly stayed close around the fire. About noon, however, the wind ceased, and it became exceedingly oppressive and sultry. Towards evening, a roll of dark menacing clouds could be seen lowering over the range toward the southeast. As it was still very sultry the large reception room was deserted, and the guests were all out on the veranda.

"Scare-face" or "Man-afraid-of-a-gun," as the cattlemen had jokingly named the stranger of the night before, was sitting just outside the hall door. The young collector and I were watching him and talking about his peculiarities, when suddenly there was a flash. It was nothing but lightning over the ridge, but we both started. I expected to see the stranger jump also, but instead, he looked around leisurely and didn't act as though anything unusual had happened. I was about to call the collector's attention to this fact when there was another flash, followed by a loud peal of thunder. That same horror-stricken, terrorized look of the night before came over the stranger's face. He looked ghastly as the light from the old square hanging lamp in the hall fell over his countenance. Another loud crash of thunder, and he grasped the chair as if he were going to jump and run, but, seeing that we were watching him, he made an effort to quiet himself. At the next flash of lightning, he ran into the house, not waiting for the crash that was sure to follow. We followed him into the house and found him crouched in a corner, as pale as a ghost.

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The guests all came into the room and we tried to shut out the sound of the raging elements by closing the door. But we might have saved ourselves the trouble for, as the next report rolled overhead, the stranger yelled with terror, and it was all that the collector and I could do to keep him from jumping through the window. We saw that his nerves were completely unstrung and that he was becoming more crazed every moment.

The next peal of thunder, which was unusually loud and sharp, was more than he could stand. He tried to yell but his attempt died away in a guttural moan. His face became rigid, and, with the look of terror thus set on his countenance, he became quiet, and we thought that he was quiet for good. But there was a change. A lack-luster look came into his eyes, and the muscles of his face relaxed. He seemed to lose control of his mental faculties completely. He laughed and yelled hysterically—trying to talk at the same time. Savvy, the collector, and I finally got him quiet, but he was still out of his head.

During a lull in the storm, he was sitting limply on a low chair with his eyes fixed on the floor. He was whispering confusedly, and pointing to something before him. Then came another fearful report that brought back his mania with increased violence; he uttered another horror-stricken yell that I shall not soon forget. He jumped out of the chair and was half-way across the room at one bound. We caught him and finally got him seated again. He talked wildly for a while and then he looked up at me and said:

"That's him, ain't it? Yes, that's him," he replied.

"Who?" I asked. "I don't see any one."

"There he is! Yes, right there!" Here he pointed to the corner of the room and then continued,

"O, my God! that's him."

"Who is it?" asked the collector.

"Why, Pete! Yes! don't you see him? It's Pete Stedman!" he cried, and then again he laughed like a maniac.

At the mention of Stedman, Savvy and I relaxed our hold on him and stared at each other. While we were recovering our senses, as it were, our maniac jumped and got away from us. A couple of fellows caught him, and then Savvy ordered us to take him upstairs to a bed. With another crash he raved and tore, until, from sheer exhaustion, he pulled the bedclothes over his head, and became quiet for the night. The fury of the storm was over, but at each rumbling echo, the fellow would utter a pitiful groan and tremble from head to foot.

The fury of his mania passed with the fury of the storm. The collector and I bade Savvy leave the man to our charge. He did so, and we fixed our patient for the night, hoping that he would not wake until morning. As we seated ourselves for our long watch, the collector asked who Pete Stedman was. "I saw that you and Savvy recognized the name," he added.

"Why! Pete Stedman?" I said in a whisper. "Never heard of Hoffman and the Casa Mystery?"

"No," he replied. "Who was Hoffman and what is the mystery?" Whereupon I related the old story of Hoffman's disappearance and told how Stedman was connected with it.

When I had finished, he leaned back in his chair and fixed his eyes on the

sleeping form of our patient. Finally he said, "We will have to pull that fellow through this spell. He may be able to throw some light on this mystery that you speak of. And about this peculiar fear of pistol shots and other sharp reports, there may be some connection between them and Stedman. We discussed the matter fully that night, and decided to get medical assistance for our patient, before we asked him any questions. We told our plans to Savvy in the morning and sent for a doctor.

The fellow awakened with a high fever and in a delirious condition. The doctor, when he arrived, could do him little good. The fellow was a complete wreck and was failing fast. However, about the fourth day he showed a little improvement. He talked rationally and asked a few questions, so we decided that our time to question him had come. The poor fellow seemed to think that his end was near, and when we asked him about Pete Stedman, he said that we were to believe all that he told us, because he could "swear before God" that it was all true. He told us a long, disconnected story, from which we collected the following facts: He had been with Stedman as his partner seven years ago; Stedman was engaged in selling salted claims, and made considerable money by his transactions; he was also engaged in claim-jumping, but he hired other men to do the dangerous work,—and, as we have reason to believe, he called "quits" in time to save his own hide. Stedman told him that Hoffman had money with him with which to work his claims, and for this reason they followed Hoffman into the Casito Creek country. They found out then that Hoffman had but little money with him,

so it was not until he had scraped up a little dust in the diggings, that they decided to carry out their plans. But Stedman saw Hoffman get some money at the mail camp, and then he, in company with a "greaser,"—the sullen teamster seen before,—followed him up in the dark; in a little gulch between the mail camp and the creek, Hoffman and an old man with him met their doom; the teamster did the shooting, but Stedman paid him off, then and there. Hoffman had considerable money with him, which together with what was found at the camp amounted to about \$500 in cash, and \$1700 in dust; Stedman left the Casito region immediately and when he reached his own claims he refused to divide up with his pardner; he took a miserly turn of mind and hid the money in the bottom of a shaft. Then this dying man, Stedman's pardner, being refused his share of the money, naturally coveted the whole of it, so he planned to get it. Stedman divined his purpose, and threatened him if he ever touched the money. The thought grew on him until he became frantic; then he decided to destroy Stedman with his wealth. He knew that there was a case of powder in the shaft in a crevice in the wall; by a contrivance, as ingenious as it was fiendish, he managed to explode the powder while Stedman was in the shaft. With the terrific roar of the explosion, came the horror of the deed he had committed; then only, did the crime appeal to him; it seemed more than a mortal was capable of doing; the thought of it frenzied him. He determined to dig out the rubbish to see if the plan could possibly have failed; yes! he would do that! No! he did not dare to look down the shaft for fear of seeing Stedman's mangled

form. Then again he remembered the report of the explosion. O how it convulsed his very soul! and then all he could do was to hurry from the place, —a wreck and a ruin for life.

Such was his tragic and pathetic account. Wherever he went the scene haunted him and the report of an explosion of any kind set him wild. He did not last long after this story. Soon he closed his eyes and an expression of relief came over his face. Then he took a long breath, as one freed of a great burden. And well might he take a long breath, for it was his last. His frame convulsed in his last agony, and all was over.

It only remained to see if his story was true. The doctor took charge of the body, while the authorities, accompanied by Savvy, Bernaro and several others, among which was an old gardener of Savvy's, who had been a friend

of the Austrian shepherd that went with Hoffman, started the next day for the Casito country. After extensive investigations they found that the story was only too true.

At the bottom of the shaft designated, they found a shattered mass of bones. In the same shaft, they also found the extent of Steedman's fortunes. After a close search of the trail between the mail camp and the diggings, the old gardener accidentally ran across a human skull, in a narrow, rocky ravine. He picked it up, examined it closely and showing the teeth, which were worn down to the gums, to those around him, he said with a considerable show of fellow feeling, "Old Shuly allers did chaw terbaccer like a hoss, didn't he?"

Of Hoffman nothing was found, but the mystery of his disappearance was cleared up to the satisfaction of all.

GUY D. KRAFT, '00.

The Roar of Mighty Waters.

'Twas the roar of mighty Waters
That was heard upon the shore,
But it soon sank into whispers
And was never heard of more.

This roar of mighty Waters
Gave us quite a mighty scare,
But we stood up thro' it bravely,
And we never turned a hair.

This mighty roar came thundering
From a distant clime called Niles,
Where there are two mighty printers
Whose fame has gone for miles.

This mighty roar proceeded
From these gentle printers two,
By message, and by letter,
With a mighty kick or two.

For they had been encouraged
By a very small idea,
That they would get the printing
Of our paper, mighty dear.

But their hopes were dashed to splinters,
So their disappointment grew,
And they worried and they flurried
Until at *us* they flew.

Small good they got for doing this
For we called it but a joke
But those poor mighty Waters!
It almost made them "croak."

This noise of mighty Waters died
That had roared as if to kill,
And the mighty storm that once did flow
Is now flowing mighty still.

Class Poem.

Through moaning trees the howling wind shrieked by,
And darkness, black and mystic, overcast the sky;
The lightning flashed, and thunder cleft the air
Like diabolical demons, from their infernal lair.
Upon the High School steps, eight figures sat as dead,
In sack-cloth they were clothed, with ashes on each head;
Diplomas in their hands they clinched with bony grasps,
Their faint and feeble breaths were breathed in sickly gasps;
Their pale and haggard faces they turned unto the sky,
And thus a mournful song they sang with wailing cry:

“With weeping our noses are smarting,
And salty the tears in our eyes,
How sad, how sad is the parting
We bewail in deep groans and sighs!

“We’re leaving our High School so dear,
In all, of her hull-a-ba-loo,—
Fond memory will bring forth a tear
When we pass through an animal zoo.

“The High School days have gone for aye,
By Neptune’s club and Jove’s old sticks,
We really hope they’re gone to stay
In Tartarus beyond the Styx!”

No more will charming Alice, the class’s gay coquette,
Give Charley enticing smiles when Latin she can’t get;
Nor will the little minx, use every art and grace,
Her rivals to excel in beauty’s jealous race.

No more will quiet May, with that grave thoughtful look,
Glide through the halls at noon, to seek a quiet nook
Where she may dig at Latin, or poetry so high,
Or study logs and tans, and all such fol-de-rye.



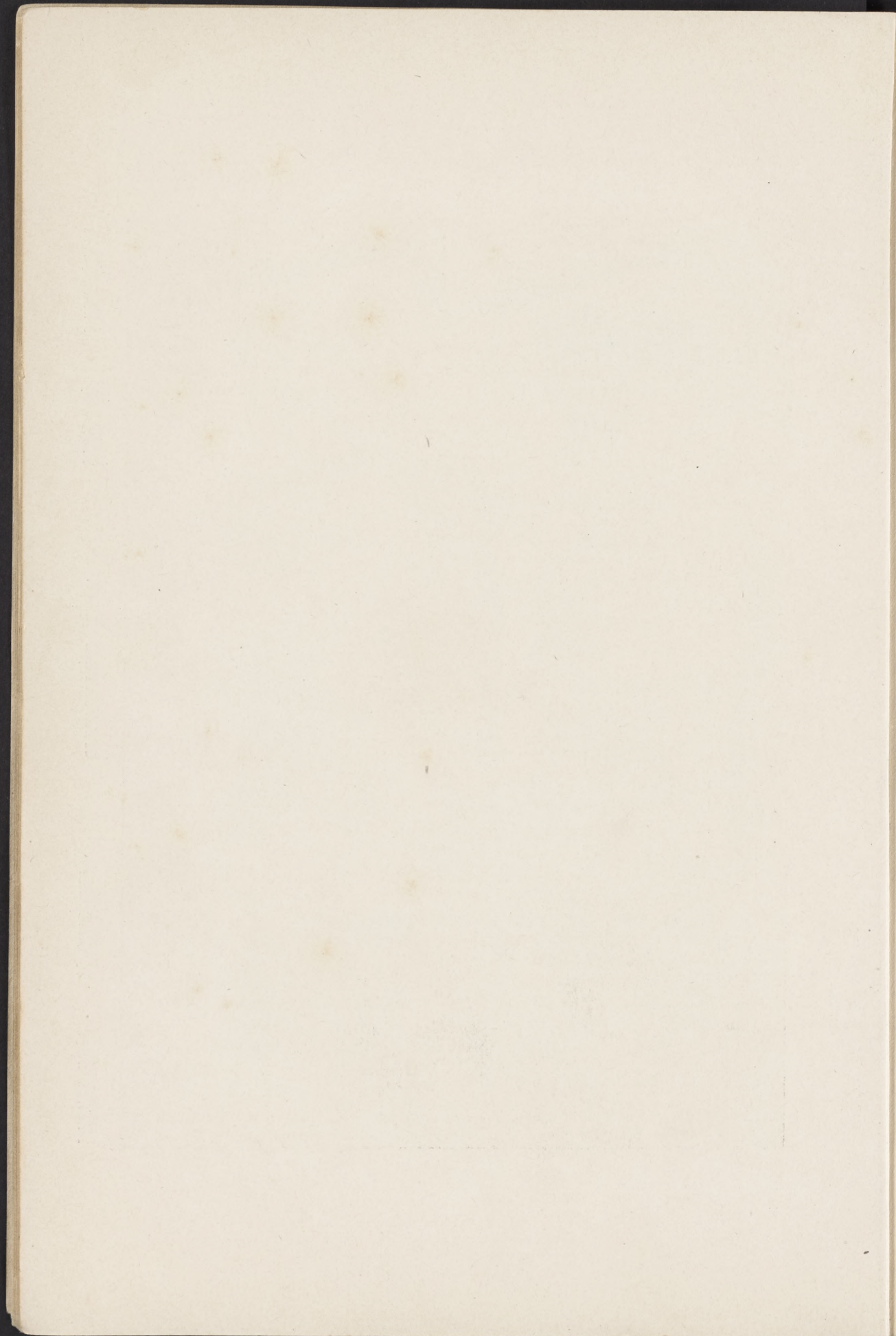
1 William Norris
2 Chas. Cummings

3 Guy D. Kraft
4 J. Leonard Rose

GRADUATING CLASS.

5 Clyde Smith
6 Alice Olney

7 May Mattos
8 William Jeffers



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No more will red-cheeked Cummings, comedian of the class,
Indulge in clever bluffing, which no one can surpass;
Nor sing his funny jokes, or crack his funny songs,
To his admiring friends who stand about in throngs.

No more will smiling Rose, that clever ratty end,
Alas! his noons at tennis, instead of English, spend.
And when that clock bell clacks, with clicking clanging
clacks,
To take a look at English will Rose come making tracks.

No more will Kraft of pessimistic mind,
Impress his fellow students that this old world's unkind,
That poetry to him is but a silly rhyme,
And fooling with such trash is but a waste of time.

No more will Smith, austere, that rigid satirist,
(We've never made mistakes his careful eyes have missed)
Criticize our foibles and fill us with despair
And actually make sport of "Willie boy's" long hair.

No more will dignified Norris, at noon-time's peaceful hour
With the aid of the long-haired freak, I have mentioned
just before,
Bang on the old piano, with loud discordant cries,
Like some disreputable tom cats, fighting for a prize.

"Ye measly scrubs, adieu!
Ye miserable foolish loons,
Ye Junior marks, farewell to you,
Ye simple green buffoons!

"Ye Middle babes of the leary eye,
Ye crazy, gaping, tangle-foot freaks,
To one and all we say goodbye,
Yes, even to the P. G. sneaks!

Thus sang the noble creatures in robes of sable black
And then they rose and parted, each took a different track;
Some went toward gay Milpitas, some went the other way.
What became of them? alas! Who can say?

—W. A. Jefferis, '00.

Hunting on the Alvarado Marshes.

In Alameda County there is a small town named Alvarado, of which you have perhaps heard. Here it is that the festive crab disports himself, and here it is that many a mighty city hunter comes laden with beer and dog-biscuit, in pursuit of the wily duck. To the west of this little village there is a low range of hills, abounding in beautiful scenery, cows and cottontails. Back of these hills stretches the brown marsh, the home of the spoonbill and mudhen, and the chance resort of a few canvas backs, whom many seek but few obtain. The experiences of these hunters are many and varied.

The first requisite to a hunter is a good alarm clock, one that will ring till you have to wake up to stop it, and one that can stand being thrown out of the window when you arise in your wrath. As soon as you are thoroughly up, you will probably get yourself a breakfast of burned ham and scorched eggs. You then take your dog and gun, and point your horse's nose to the hills. When you have arrived here, presumably about six o'clock, you leave your horse where you can and go out on the marsh. You go for your boat first and after a long tramp you find it, high and dry, on a mud bank. You work at it steadily for two hours, and, at last, with the aid of a rising tide you get it off. Meanwhile, all the ducks have gone down on the bay. You pull down the creek for about five miles against the tide, and reach the bay shore. Here you find that the tide is all over the place where you want to sit; that the only blind within a mile of you,

where the ducks will fly, is six inches under water, and that you must sit cramped up in your boat for two more hours, until the tide gets lower. Up to this time you have not had a shot. But what is that? Surely a duck's head, and now his body! He comes around the corner in stately style into range. You cock both hammers and blaze away, intending to give the second barrel to the flock which is following him.

If your experience is like that of the writer, you have a ten gauge gun loaded with four and a half drams of powder, and one and one half ounces of shot. The hammers of your gun are out of order, and both barrels go off at the same time. Your gun flies over your shoulder and lands in the mud, giving you a "swat" in the jaw as it goes. The smoke clears away. Ah! You see your duck, a big fat mallard surely, kicking in the water, about fifty yards off. The tide is rapidly carrying him up stream and your dog refuses to work. He simply sits there with a wicked smile on his face. So you have to take your boat after the duck. You pull up stream for about half a mile or more, until you catch up with him. Then you utter language that makes the seams of your boat start. It is only a mudhen. You know now why your dog would not work.

You pull down stream with your dog gazing reproachfully in your face, as he thinks sadly of the damage done to your character and his by your fluent remarks. You find that the water has receded and you sit down at your blind. You get up again, with more re-

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marks. The ground has absorbed the water, but as you sit down it gives it out again immediately. You get a board and wait the rest of the afternoon for the ducks that never come. Towards evening, you go to certain ponds further in on the marsh, which are supposed to be good at the evening's plight. You butcher a poor, unsuspecting spoonie or two and set out for home.

There is a fog so thick that you can't see more than ten yards ahead. You get lost, wander on, on, on through the night, following the creek, which winds like a silver streak over the black marsh. You do not know where you are, but when you think you are near the hills,

you make blindly for them. If you are lucky you hit them, if not—quien sabe?

How blessed the solid ground seems under your feet! You lie back and think of your trials and tribulations. You think of the wretched, scrawny spoon-bills which you have gained for your troubles. Next, you think—well you think things that are uncomfortable.

You then reluctantly plod over the hills, harness your horse, and go homeward, with the faint (?) strains of the musical coyote upon your ears. It sounds suspiciously like, "I don't care if you never come back."

CHAS. HALEY, '01.

By This You Will Know Them.

A good workman always begins at the bottom and works toward the top; so if I intend to give you an account of the type of each class, I must commence with the lowest order of the species before me.

In the beginning is the Sub-Junior, legally called the "Scrub." Before he comes to High School he must have had an existence in some other definitely-bounded section of this terrestrial ball. Well, where does he come from? Echo answers, "Where?" Some one says, "From Niles." Ah! Good guess. But then we won't say that all the eggs come from the old nest in the hayloft just because a few bad ones come from that direction. Rather let us say that he comes from far and near,—from the lost and lonely district of Mission San Jose to the gentle and homelike city (?) of Centerville.

He comes prepared for his memorable first day with a shamefaced, and foolish smile lighting up his pie-besmear'd physiognomy. With a slow, awkward shambling gait he comes up to the front entrance. Here he gazes around and above him, because he wants to know the place if he sees it again. He comes with his pockets full of childish joys,—strings, tops, marbles, cookies and such like, all of which are intended to amuse mamma's boy on his first day. He comes in a religious fear and trembling of the "cold-water treatment," because mamma said he must not get wet. Well, all right; if he is good he won't get wet. Lastly, he comes with a carefully rolled and spotlessly white document, which he takes to the Principal's office for inspection. His first triumph is complete if this evidence is accepted.

On the morn of the second day he ap-

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appears with a small gold piece carefully tied up in the corner of his handkerchief, with which to purchase books. Foolish youth! Why didn't he bring nickles or pennies, so that he could make change readily? He might have known that the High School was no banking institution.

When he has purchased enough books to pitch around the room, he advances in the various stages of mental development soon he is either hauled up before the teacher for misbehavior, or before the Vigilance Committee for insubordinations of another sort. In this last case he is kindly invited to indulge in the inevitable swimming contest held at the watering-trough by the buggy-shed.

Later in the year he meanders around the grounds with his hands in his pockets, and with a sad and forsaken look on his face. When active he is usually engaged in some petty warfare with one of his kind; when looking for trouble, he has a propensity for throwing rocks and other small missiles. His squeaky, cat-like voice can be heard at any time as he bewails his fate, or as he expostulates on the beauty of Latin or Algebra. Unlike the proverbial small boy who is seen and not heard, the Scrub is always seen and is always heard. He takes particular pains to make himself obnoxious wherever he is. He proceeds to interrupt the peaceful meditations of a Senior now and then, and at this point the wrath of the gods generally descends in bucketfuls, and ye poor Scrub concludes that his name is, "Make Yourself Scarce," and he suits the action to the word. And now that he is out of sight and hearing let us drop him altogether.

Next comes the Junior. Ahem! I would like very much to give his own

opinion of himself, but then it would be very misleading, so I will describe him thus: A youth with a store of pride and haughtiness just because he is no longer a Scrub. A youth who now realizes that High School is no snap, and who is seen studying the mysteries of Algebra into the wee small hours. A youth who, being a close observer of situations, can throw a book, an eraser, or a piece of chalk across the room and cause such a commotion among the Scrubs that three or four of these are hauled up for disorderly conduct, while he is studying so hard that the teacher never thinks to ask that poor, studious, innocent creature for an explanation. If he has to be watched in school, he may be classed as a "convict," but if he engages in a whip fight in the buggy-shed, he is a "barbarous savage," nothing less. At this period of his transition from an unlettered creature to a shining light of knowledge, he generally makes himself notorious in more ways than one, but as I have not time nor space to take up his checkered career, we must let him pass, as we did his brother in misery.

The next type to be chosen is from the Middle Class. Middlers are very amusing in their way. They are sometimes more interesting than a box of caged monkeys. Like the Juniors, they seem to be under some kind of a strange delusion that they are very important. Now instead of studying all they can, as they did while Juniors, they have gained wisdom, and study just what they can not bluff out of. They realize that they have run across the real thing in Latin. Such remarks as they do make about poor Cicero! I wouldn't take Cicero's place in their estimation for a new rattle, I wouldn't.

The scientific member of the class usually develops into a success as a Nihilist. He studies into the profound mysteries of chemistry, and the manner in which he finds out that a mixture of hydrogen and oxygen will explode, generally illustrates the fact that an ordinary High School building is not dynamite proof.

In fields of oratory he tries to defeat the Seniors in debates. With many pitiful looks toward judges he often succeeds, to his never-ending praise and glory. He is a person who never can be convinced of the truth, but I expect that there will be a few of them who will read this article, so I had better not tell any more tales out of school.

And now last, but not least, is the mighty Senior—that august personage who dwells in the further corner of the Senior room, where the very atmosphere “a solemn stillness holds.” When you meet him, you should recognize his presence by a gentle salaam. He looks down upon his neighbors with—

“A feeling of sadness and longing
That is not akin to pain,
And resembles sorrow only
As the mist resembles rain.”

His love for poetry and English novels is shown by the interest he takes in the study of these. It would not do to tell how he learns his lessons. If you could hear the vain bluffs he makes in his recitations, you would be convinced of the amount of preparation he has made. As a member of his class, he soon develops a natural friendly feeling toward the Physics Laboratory. It is here that his troubles begin. From the first simple laws of pendulum vibrations until their final calculations in electricity, they enjoy life immensely.

And finally, on the eve of his long, last, lingering farewell he stalks up before the audience, and with a self-satisfied and complacent smile on his face, he receives the object of his long contention. With this once in his hands, he grips it like grim death, and says to himself, “Ah, Mike! There is me eddication!”

GUY D. KRAFT, '00.



The sub-junior as we see him, is not quite as “green as grass,” yet there is something about him which marks him out as a scrub to all the upper classmen. As he comes into the yard we are sure to notice that he is long, short, thin or stout, as the case maybe and, from that moment on, he is marked as the natural recipient of all kinds of practical jokes. The first mark of our affection for him is to give him some nickname, suggested by some peculiarity of dress or manner.

I said he is the one on whom jokes are tried. He is the unsuspecting victim of the vigilance committee, with its array of pins, bent into convenient shapes to suit all occasions. This committee is a firm believer in the truth of the old Bible saying, which according to Union High revision, reads: “Blessed is he that sitteth on a bent pin for he shall rise again.”

The teachers, too, have no mercy on him, for on every hand he is met with scores of rules and regulations. When he does anything wrong, or does not get a lesson satisfactorily, he is nearly scared to death by the stentorian tones of the teacher; “Young man, what does this mean? If you do not intend to do your work and persist in such behavior, we have no use for you here. You came here to work and I will see that you do

it." The scrub then digs night and day, and the teacher laughs in his sleeve to think how well the lecture took effect.

On a whole the scrub's life is made very interesting and he has the pleasure, when the year is over, of practicing his worldly wisdom on the incoming class.

Of the Juniors, the least that is said, the better. Having just emerged from the awkward squad of scrubs, and not yet attained the dignity of a middler, he is what you might call a miserable go-between. With nothing to bother him, and with the struggles of scrubdom forever past, he settles down to a quiet repose. He is the picture of contentment. He knows all that is worth knowing, and on every hand, in every talk, he bores his hearers with learned remarks on Greek philosophy, and Ancient History is spouted off at such a rate as to make one's head roar. All sorts of expressions escape from his interesting lips, such as "Gratias ago!" "Est boni!" "Quid est!" "Murabile visu!"

"What stuff!" you say. "Is that the kind of articles the high school turns out?" Oh no! they have two more years and must undergo great changes.

You might think the middle year, the transition period between Junior and Senior. Not so. The transition period is in the summer vacation, and at the opening of the term, the middler blooms forth in all the glory of his standing. He is looked at with admiration by the new-comers, and is treated with as much respect as our honorable seniors.

Association molds him in the proper channels. From the Seniors, he learns the arts of shunning hard passages, and of bluffing, and is enabled thereby to appear very well in class, and give the teacher the impression of thoroughness and deep study. He is gradually metamorphosed into a Senior, so that the change is not suddenly felt. In fact, he even dares to oppose their grey hairs in a great and well-studied debate. He goes into this with many misgivings, but comes out, wearing a larger sized hat. Knowing the trick of school, and not yet having tasted of the trials of a Senior's life,—sitting up poring over books half the night and taking physics every day,—he is the best representative of a high school life.

From the foregoing, you must know the Senior fairly well; a few words are, however, necessary to a thorough knowledge of the creature. The senior represents the sum of all that is artfully innocent. His smile is like the snowball on the river, a moment sweet then it fades forever. From his long head shines a perpetual halo of book-wisdom. You would think he had climbed to the high pinnacle of Parnassus, and drunk deeply of the spring of knowledge. The name of Senior seems to have a peculiar effect on the appearance and actions of the class. We think it would make an excellent study for an artist, a still-life artist. Life there is almost death, but it is still life.

JAY MCCULLOUGH, '01.



The Mysterious Musician.

One of the most unpleasant things on earth is living in a flat. It is there that you are continually watched by your up or down stairs neighbor, whichever the case may be. If you are about to start from the house to take a ride or a walk, looking back over your shoulder you can see a face or two behind the curtains, taking special notice of your wearing apparel and the person with whom you are. Then these subjects form the topic of conversation in your neighbor's household for several days.

Once in one of those flighty Harlems, on the story above us, there lived—at least I suppose there lived,—something or somebody, for I never had the good luck to see who my neighbor was. This person had a piano. How he (?) got it up to his compartments was always a problem, for our home was very near the skies, and our neighbor's went us one better. Regular as clock work would this somebody sit down to that piano, every evening at half past six. On the first night that we occupied our flat, when we heard the first notes of that piano float through the open windows, we were sure that we were about to hear an "Intermezzo" or one of Chopin's waltzes, because the first few chords were struck with a delicacy of touch and a surety that would surprise a master. Only a few of these cords and then! Rattlety-bang over the keys, without a lull, in the execution of what appeared to be one of Souza's marches. In the playing of that piece the left hand seemed to be rather weak, for from time to time, only half of the harmony—if indeed we can call it such—was audible.

At first we treated the matter as a joke, but it soon got to be too real. It was awful. And what added horror to it, was that we had never seen the pianist. Could it be a boy or a beautiful maiden? Problem it was. One conclusion that we succeeded in arriving at, was that the player was paralyzed in its "left-side." Bass work was very doubtful and often wholly inaudible. Every evening, as we sat down to dinner this fun commenced. One good thing about our musical enemy it never played when we had callers or company for dinner. The pianist seemed to know that the music was far from pleasing, and would not therefore, show off on the night that our guests came. We gathered from this that our neighbor saw everyone that came and went from our house.

One evening after six o'clock, our maltese escaped up the back stairs, which led *up* somewhere. It was decided that I should go to capture the truant. So, starting up the apparently endless flight, I arrived at our next up-door neighbor. At last I would now find out who our tormentor, with the musical abilities was. Boldly knocking at a dark, squalid looking door, I was admitted to the kitchen by a dusky damsel, something on the cook plan. Just as I entered I heard the echoes of retreating footsteps along a corridor, that corresponded to our back hall below, leading from the kitchen to the front of the house. I glanced in the direction from whence the sounds came, but was too late to see the person who had evidently hurried from the kitchen as I entered. All that I saw was a hand grasp the casing of the door, as the

owner disappeared around the corner. On this hand was a ring, a blue turquoise which shone out clearly. I saw this and I saw the hand. To whom did they belong? Our mysterious musician? Then in an instant the door was closed and I remained in ignorance. But in a moment more I knew, for from the room toward which the hand had disappeared, came the sounds of the piano, played by the well known slip-shod hand which played every evening at half-past six. I glanced at my watch and sure enough it was half-past six.

Capturing my prisoner, I ran down the back stairs, into our own compartment. Then I related my little adventure to the family board, as our mysterious neighbor just finished the prelude. We all groaned

as those few, wandering, lost notes died away, for we knew what was to follow.

A few days after two express wagons stopped at our flat. Package after package went down from our upstairs friend. These went off, but we saw nothing of the long-looked for musician. Next a covered carriage drew up, and a tall-commanding figure, richly dressed in black, with heavy veil over her shoulders came from the suite above us and stepped into the carriage. The lady did not wear gloves, and as she took hold of the carriage door, I saw a beautiful, blue turquoise. Our musical friend, at last seen and then not seen. With her went, her awful music, for we never heard those tantalizing strains any more.

STUART CHISHOLM, '02.

The Story of a Sketch.

When I look at her now, I can scarcely believe that she is only a pen-and-ink' sketch. There she hangs, just as quietly as ever, yet to me, and to me only, there is a different and sadder expression in her purely American features. And this is the reason of my sympathy for that little Gibson picture.

One day, while vainly trying to apply myself to some uninteresting author on an uninteresting subject, the print of the book gradually became one vast blur, then grew dimmer, until it finally faded from my sight. I have no decided recollection of what followed, except that I can plainly remember the sweet voice that addressed me, as well as the words it spoke.

"Oh, why did Mr. Gibson ever draw me! I know that I am perfect. Just look at my beautiful face! There is not

one fold of my graceful dress that is not just where it should be. It must, indeed, be a severe critic who can find a line out of proportion. Yet, strange to say, this beauty is just the secret of my grief.

"In every house there is somebody who imagines himself artistically inclined. Instead of starting at the foot of the ladder and working up, he first tries his skill with the pen by copying Gibson sketches. The love for this artist is universal, and as I am the most beautiful of his greatly admired pictures, I am naturally the unfortunate one to be generally chosen. So, by this time, my face has become common, as well as sadly disfigured by these poor imitators. I am so tired of myself that if Boreas is ever allowed to enter this room, I shall certainly pray him to turn me to the wall."

ELSA EHRLMAN.

The Mission of San Jose.

Between Mount Hamilton on the south and Mount Diablo on the north, Mission Peak rears its rugged head and guards the old ex-Mission of San Jose, which lies at its foot. Here on Sunday, June 11th, 1797, the Mission was established by the Franciscan Friar, Augustine Lamén, at the command of the Marquis of Branciforte, who was then viceroy of that territory called New Spain. This was once the busiest section of what was once called Alta California, but it seems that the mission fell asleep years ago, and nothing has thus far disturbed its slumbers.

As the old padres picked out the garden spot of each section, where they established their missions, here they also showed their good judgment, for the location of the mission is the most beautiful for miles around. Ten miles to the south lay the Pueblo of San Jose; to the north, a little over thirty miles, lay the Presidio. Near by, there was a good landing at which boats could discharge. Then a little to the south, at what is now called Warm Springs, was the Agua Caliente, famous for miles among the Indians for its healing waters. Back of the little settlement arose the great bulk of Mission Peak, which sheltered it from the winds and storms. Before it, the land sloped gently for miles to the bay. Down from the mountain side came a little stream which is said to have turned a small mill.

The whole region around the mission is now dotted with prosperous towns and farms, and is one of the richest fruit-growing sections in the state. In the early days, however, only the aborigines

inhabited the mountains and the plain. The Indians of this section seem to have been a very ignorant set, for years of association with the whites, and the contact with civilizing influences thrown around by the mission fathers, have not wrought much improvement in them. Hardly a handful survive of the thousands that once surrounded the mission, and lived on the bounty of the padres. It is believed that four different tribes inhabited the hills, but, to the present residents, they are only known as "diggers." When the mission was founded they were timid, child-like, and stupid. They roamed the hills like cattle, living upon roots and herbs, while the country about abounded in wild game.

The good old padres spent the greater part of their time in educating and Christianizing these poor mortals. It is said that between 1802 and 1822, over four thousand five hundred Indians were baptized at the mission. During this period, nearly three thousand died. A few years later, only four hundred were found at the mission, and today not any remain, except a few who dwell near Pleasanton,—and the less said about them the better. No doubt the sudden change in their manner of living accounts for the number of deaths.

Quaint old adobe buildings covered a large tract of ground, which years ago hummed with busy life. Now only the old wine cellar remains, and its tile-roof has long since been replaced with modern shingles. During one of the memorable conflagrations, of which the mission has had several, the casks from this cellar were rolled out and their contents

used in extinguishing the flames, the water supply having given out. Behind the cellar are a few grape stocks, as large as a person's head; here and there is an old olive tree,—the poor remains of the once fine vineyard and orchard, planted by the old padres.

In the good old days this mission kept open house. Any traveler coming through the pass was welcome to stop here for days. There was always a free bed, and a seat at a hospitable board; and, if he was traveling on foot, or his horse was exhausted, he was welcome to pick out a horse for himself, from the thousands that wandered over the plain. In truth, plenty reigned, for over ten thousand head of cattle fed upon the hill-sides, thirty thousand head of sheep, goats, and pigs, fattened in the valley.

What was once the courtyard and garden, where horses stood night and day ready for use, where some beauty strolled

under the watchful eye of an old duenna, and caballeros played the guitar, or planned hunting parties, is now a bare street lined with a row of scrubby looking shops, where the present inhabitant of the mission buys his wares.

When the old adobe wine-cellar crumbles, the last trace of the old mission days will disappear; but its memory and the stories that hover about it will not be soon forgotten. Whenever I gaze on the vine-clad portals and think how it was once the center of life, and how it once beheld noted persons or incidents which have long since been forgotten, the sadness of our present lot is deeply impressed upon me. How forceful is the saying, "As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth. For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more."

C. F. CUMMINGS, '00.

Editorials.

In Rome you do as the Romans do. With this maxim in mind, the Senior Class of this school decided that there would be no offense proffered if they were to imitate the time honored custom of other preparatory schools and academies, and publish a school magazine.

To decide on a matter is one thing, and to carry out your plans is another. This at least has been the experience of the editorial staff of this year. Any amount of enthusiasm was shown by the school in general, but we regret very much to say that enthusiasm is not very good reading matter. If it were—well, we won't consider that "if," just because

we don't fancy the dizzy heights of fame. As it was, our time was very short, but it would have been long enough if every body had not put things off until the last. Finally the editor, before he could say that things were coming his way right handily, had to rush his staff, the members of the staff had to rush the rest of the school, with the result that the school in general had to get a rush on. No coming early to avoid the rush, either—no, not this time; consequently at the end of the managing editor's "days of grace," all was ready for the press.

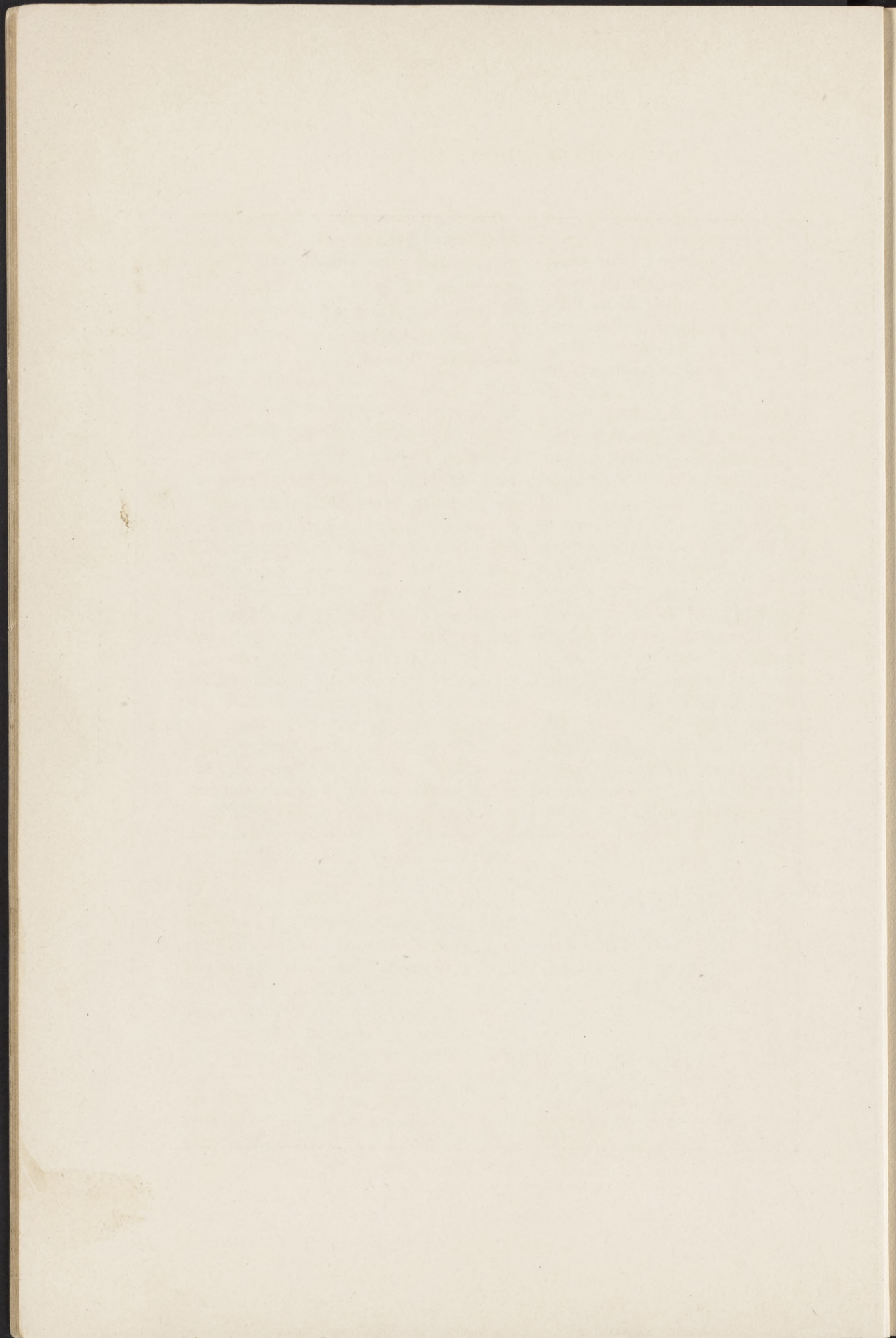
Our idea in starting this magazine is



1 Clyde Smith, '00, Editor in Chief
 2 Alice Olney, '00, Assistant Editor
 3 Jay McCullough, Middle Representative

EDITORIAL STAFF.

4 Guy D. Kraft, '00, Managing Editor
 5 Stuart Chisholm, '02, Jun. Representative
 6 Leland Cutler, '03, Sub-Jun.



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that it shall appear as an annual, the Senior Class of each year being responsible for its good character. Our effort in this line not only gives the public an idea of the workings of the school, but, as it is one way of applying education, it gives the scholars a valuable training which may prove beneficial to them later.

We would not have the public take this as an example of our school work. It is only the part of our schooling that is not school work that is set before you in these pages. To be sure, it is the work of the students of the school, but as such it is only an example of their abilities in this line. We know how repulsive are the long-winded criticisms and arguments that come up before the school daily, and, thinking that the public would enjoy them less than the students, we have instituted a strict "censorship of the press," and all such weighty matter has been excluded.

And now one thing in conclusion, we wish to thank the business men of the township for their aid in financial ways. We sincerely hope that this magazine will further their interests as well as the interests of the school, as we have every reason to believe it will.



Few schools have had such a successful career, few have gained such a prominence, or attained such a high standard in so short a space of time as has the Union High School, No. 2, of Centerville. Since the foundation in 1892, it has steadily grown in quality, and has broadened its field of study so that now it carries more studies than required for admission to any course in the University.

Also there has been a growth in another line, a growth which perhaps has accomplished more real good,—the development in the spirit of the school. In the first year of the school's existence, many pupils entered because it was a new thing. Naturally, such did not consider the High School work as a serious matter, and were more inclined to take things rather easy. Fortunately, the feeling of novelty has now almost entirely disappeared, and the majority of the students enter the school with a knowledge and an understanding of what is before them, and a realization that the High School education means something to them.

But all who enter High School are not graduated. Some drop out before completing their courses. These we may divide into four classes. In the first we may count those who come from the Grammar Schools and enter the High School to try it for a year, and see how they like it. The school would be better off without such as these; for, as a rule, they go on the principle of all play and no work. There are others who enter with expectations of carrying out the entire course, but who soon become tired and drop out. Then there is the third class, who are obliged to break off their studies, against their wishes, on account of home duties or other obligations. To these we can but extend our sympathy, and urge them to redouble their efforts to continue their studies when circumstances are more favorable. Lastly, there is the fourth class, who, often going for a year or two, quit the High School and enter the State Normal. In the future, however, this class will be a thing of the past, for by a

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recent law any pupil desiring to enter Normal must be a graduate of some High School. This will help, in the future, to increase the roll of students.

Another thing that prevents the roll from being as large as it should be at the present time, is that there are people of foreign origin dwelling in this township who have comparatively little or no interest in the High School, and so do not encourage their children to attend it. But I think we can safely predict that in the near future, as a result of a closer contact with all that goes to make up real education, this spirit of indifference will pass away, and there will be instilled into the minds of the children the desire for higher education, so that the next generation will see in our High School a much larger per cent of the boys and girls of this township.

Since it will, perhaps, act as a stimulus to those who are rather lukewarm about entering this High School, let us look for a moment at what this school is, and just what it has accomplished. As an institution of learning, our school has done remarkably well during the short period of its existence. It has been accredited by the University every year, and has always stood near the head of the list of accredited schools. The fact that it carries the full course of required studies, places it above all the other similar country High Schools, and on a level, if not higher, than a majority of the large city schools. Ranked as a preparatory school, it is above all others, save Oakland. The graduates of this school have upheld its reputation in the University. They have been amongst the foremost in everything that leads to further advancement.

In athletics, football especially, con-

sidering the number to draw from, the school has even surpassed the success it has made in educational lines. Although we would not put this forth as a special inducement to scholars, nevertheless we mention it to show that all our time is not taken up with study, but that a reasonable amount is devoted to physical training.

All this time has been taken to point out to you what our school has achieved so far. Shall this honor and reputation which has been gained, be allowed to recede? It lies with you, parents and teachers, whether the school shall progress or retrogress. We do not accuse you of lack of interest, far from it; yet to a certain extent you are careless. Teachers should keep alive in the minds of their pupils the desire for a High School education, and parents should with more zeal support the teachers in this, and aid and encourage their children in every possible way to the attainment of a higher, a broader education.

Moreover, a High School in such a district as this works for a vast amount of good. It is a benefit to all concerned. About such an institution naturally centers the social and educational life of the township. It serves to bring the pupils of various schools together, to create a feeling of unity between them, and to do away with the evil of too much local pride. It also creates among the citizens of the various towns a feeling of unity of purpose; it serves to break the old bonds of local prejudice, and unites all together in a common interest, making each feel that he is working for an end which means the greatest good to the township as a whole. For this alone such an institution should be encouraged.



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A mere announcement of the existence of an institution, called a High School, in Centerville will seem to a great many entirely uncalled for,—indeed foolish. Yet startling cases of ignorance on this matter have lately come to our notice. It is a fact that a small number of inhabitants of this township are unaware of the existence of a High School in their vicinity. While soliciting ads. for this paper, we came across a certain individual who is engaged in business in a near-by town, and who, when approached, exclaimed, "Why! is there a High School in Centerville? Is it really a fact?" Now such a state is deplorable. Yet this person is the type of a certain class who, like the inhabitants of interior China, tread their own little homely paths and haven't enough interest in themselves or the world in general, to learn to observe anything surrounding their own small, insignificant selves, save what will bring in a few meager cents.

These people we desire to inform that there is really a High School in Centerville, really it is a fact. It is a pity; the very thought of such dense ignorance compels me to repeat,—that Washington Township, surrounded and filled, as it is, with educational institutions, should contain inhabitants so thoroughly dense, so oblivious to surrounding circumstances, that a High School, supported by their taxes, could grow up in their midst without their knowledge of its existence. Again I say, it is deplorable. If we have neighbors in such a state, if we have people among us who claim the United States as their country, and the Stars and Stripes as their flag, who have not yet felt the refining touch of the civilization which surrounds them, then

I advise that we begin at the beginning, strike at the root of the evil, and teach our civilized savages of the west as others of their kind have been taught, that we may prepare their rude, boorish minds to appreciate the fact that there is a High School in Centerville.



AFTER GRADUATION—WHAT?

We, of the Class of 1900, are nearing the close of our High School career. Commencement Day, which signals our departure from the High School life, is near at hand. That day means a great deal to us. From that day dates the severance of the ties which have bound us together during our four years of close companionship; that day will be the last that shall bring us together as High School students; on that day will come the question, "After Graduation, WHAT?"

We entered the High School as a class of eighteen, full of hope and energy, eager to grapple with the studies laid out before us. We will leave the school with less than half of our former number. If our present standing is lower than at first, if we have done less than we should, let us not grieve over the past, but let it be a spur to urge us on to retrieve our record by our deeds in the future. If we have had trouble and difficulties, if evil has beset us and dislike has chilled our ardor, let us bury the evil with the past. Life is too short and full of care to resurrect old quarrels. The future is pressing upon us.

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This thought again makes us ask the question, "After Graduation, WHAT?"

Our various interests in life will carry us apart from each other. Some will keep on with the student life and probe into the mysteries of science, law, literature or business. To other the completion of the High School course, perhaps, the completion of the student life. We must ere long enter upon a more serious existence; we must prepare ourselves to fill the places which those now filling them will soon leave to us. But in this life we cannot predict glorious futures for all. There must be some to fill the lonely walks of life. All paths of life lead not to success. No matter how hard and conscientious the labor, failure will surely come to some. To these, when circumstances will keep down in humble seclusion, sympathy and encouragement is due. Success does not always mean the greatest victory. The man who can conquer himself has won the greatest battle. Oft-times one by enduring failure, by accepting it calmly and laboring to better himself has won far nobler victory than would have been his lot had success

been his reward. No matter how lonely our occupation, we can do our best, angels can do no more, and remember that what is worth doing at all, is worth doing well. If like Milton, we could but exclaim,

"It shall be still in strictest measure even
To that same lot however mean or high
Toward which Time leads me, and the will of
Heaven."

We all leave school, no doubt with lofty, far-reaching plans for the future, with ideals to which we wish to attain. If these air-castles are destroyed, if we find the attainments of such ideals impossible, let us accept our fate with the resignation of one who has trained himself to the reverses of fortune, and try to feel that all has been for the best. Let us cultivate the feeling that any task, howsoever humble, is nobler when well performed. Let us try to do our best in whatever we may undertake, let us enter life with a determination to win in spite of any obstacles, and then if we are crushed by failure we can safely say, "It was no fault of mine, I did my best."

The Need of Our Section.

Every community can be improved, and that remark applies very strongly to this section. We should not be contented with our present situation, but always strive for something better. We should not be led away with that false impression which I have heard so often stated, namely, that it was good enough for our ancestors, and it should be good enough for us.

There is one kind of improvement that is a crying need at present, and that is cheaper and better transportation facilities. It seems strange that this prosperous section, with its numerous towns, should not be favored with the presence of an electric railway running between Oakland and San Jose, and connecting the different towns. This project is by no means new, as the franchise has al-

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ready been granted by the Supervisors to certain parties; but these parties don't seem to care to push it along.

Let the different improvement clubs unite for some permanent benefit. Let those clubs throw aside their petty differences and cease to act like a lot of petulant children saying, "I don't like you any more," or "I won't play with you."

If the High School is in Centerville, you should not be sulky and wish it was in your town. You should say, and rightly say, "The High School is as much mine as it is Centerville's, for don't the children of our town attend? And if the school makes any advance, it is our glory as much as it is theirs." It is this selfish, individual improvement that is apt to carry us away and make us forget that higher duty, namely, the general welfare.

I need not speak of the railway connection between Centerville and Newark; how, if you happen to be chilly, you can get off and walk ahead, and when warmed up, you can await the car which comes humming along at an inch-a-minute rate. Such a state of affairs is in keeping with Uncle Collis' policy, and he is a pretty hard chap to reform.

With an electric railway in our community, the value of our property would increase. The prosperity of our towns would become assured, and rates would have to come down. If you want to win you will have to make a fight for it; so let us all go hand-in-hand, and stand shoulder to shoulder in all our trials, and then there will be no doubt of the outcome. Then we will not be able to say that our aim is something longed for, but never seen.

C. F. CUMMINGS, '00.

Joshes.

IT IS EVER THUS.

There is just one girl on the press committee, and that is where the trouble began.

IT WAS THE UNINTELLIGIBLE KIND.

There seems to be one person in the class of '00 who is able to profit by experience. It happened that the class was studying Milton's Lycidas and this same person, ever sarcastic,—yea even pessimistic, asked why it was that the poem was so highly rated in English literature when it was nothing more than a jumble of classical allusions and inverted sentences.

"Why, that is the value of it," the teacher answered, "it's classical."

The next day it happened that the class had some examples to work in

Physics. This same brilliant member of the class was given one of the examples to work out on the blackboard, which he did in such short order that it was soon ready for the instructor's inspection. Now the solution he gave was materially wrong, of which fact the instructor very soon became aware. He said: "Why, what do you mean by such a solution? It is entirely unintelligible! Wrong in every respect!" Whereupon the brilliant member, not a bit chagrined, replied sotto voce, "That is the value of it; its classical!"

WE HAVE ALL BEEN THERE.

The Managing Editor of the class of '00 has a serious attack of writer's cramp. We extend our heartfelt sympathies. There is not one of us but has

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been short of cash some time or other in this weary day of our existence.

FROM THE BOOKKEEPING CLASS.

Mr. Kerr (alias long John, reciting): "Cash is the money. When you get cash you put it in the cash book.

Bob (whispering to Mr. Kerr). That is right, Jack. Don't trust it in your pocket.

FROM THE SUB-JUNIOR LATIN CLASS.

Teacher. What! Can't any of you give me that simple little rule of syntax? Why, I am astounded. Just think, even the Seniors know that.

Teacher. Mr. Tyson, will you please give me the list of verbs that take the dative?

Bob. Verbs signifying to favor, help, please, trust,—um an—persuade, command, obey,—

Teacher. A few more, Mr. Tyson. Go on.

Bob (proceeding triumphantly). Serve resist, on—um,—envy, chop wood and hoe potatoes.

QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

Teacher. Is that one of you big boys making that racket?

Geo. Washington II. Yes, ma'm.

Teacher. Well please stop it. It is funny how the biggest boys are always the biggest babies.

Geo. Washington II. I don't see how a big boy could be a small baby.

ANOTHER INVERSE RATIO.

The more time a pupil has in which to study a lesson, the less he knows about it.

Teacher. With a distance of three miles, five hundred yards and two feet to travel and a horse traveling seven yards per second, at what time will a post-graduate reach the schoolhouse?

Class in chorus. Half a second before nine.

Teacher. Correct; how did you know so quickly?

Class. By daily observation.

New Teacher. What is that vile-smelling gas?

Chemistry student knowingly. It is $\text{H}_2\text{SO}_4\text{F}$ from the chemistry laboratory.

New Teacher. Oh! Thank you!

We wish to express our hearty sympathy to the editor in his severe affliction. Rheumatism in the arms must be very painful. Life evidently hangs heavily on his hands.

Go to R. Moses for byshackles and sowing machines.

Mr. Wm. D. Patterson has endowed the chair of the chemistry department. This was surely a generous act and deserving of mention.

Captain Dewey finds that a "snow ball" is not enough protection against the shells of the enemy.

Overheard under the trees: "Dearest, have you ever heard of the Pharisses and Sadducees?"

"Yes."

"Well, you are the fairest fair I see, But you don't care a rap for me, And that's what makes me sad you see, Yet I'd leave my happy home for thee."

A serious case of garroting took place on the tennis court the other day. While Mr. Whipple was playing tennis some one spirited away a number of valuables from the pockets of his coat. We hope the culprit will be found and duly punished by the injured party.

Our managing editor was busily engaged correcting proofs.

"A man with a bill," announced the servant.

"He must be a bird," said the manager, thinking of his efforts to evade creditors.

THINGS WE'VE HEARD.

How Bush forget his shingles.

How the Principal's setting hens made him late to school one afternoon; also,

How he lectured at the girls for making a noise in the basement one day, and how the chemistry class happened to

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have some $2\text{KCl} \div \text{S}$ in its possession at the same time.

How Smith felt before the debate and after.

How Jefferis was afraid to visit a certain young lady, and how they overcame that difficulty.

How Norris blushed when asked if he approved of co-education.

How Oscar had nothing to do with the rig that was done up.

How Carter couldn't play football for sour apples, (or sweet ones either,) one recess.

How Guy made a mistake (?) and appropriated the Belmont ball, thereby causing York to use most reprehensible language in the training quarters.

How Whipple swiped a pair of girls stockings; how the same came off in the Belmont game, and how that exemplary young man blushed for lack of them in the street car, much to the amusement of certain young lady passengers.

How certain misguided youths of the chemistry class had several bottles of root beer in the lab; how the same had a head on and how it spoiled their collars and shirt fronts.

How Rose bluffs in Latin by, "I forgot to bring my book."

How Cummings yelled, "Hoot, mon, hoot!" to show his approval of hot Scotch plaids one morning.

How Salz didn't study his History lesson because he couldn't pronounce the names.

WE WOULD SUGGEST

That a certain gentleman remember when he sneezes that there are others in the building.

That Jefferis study his lessons at least once a month.

That the Senior Class learn something about Latin.

That the "Twin Willies" remember that every musical selections should have at least one end.

That Salz quit bluffing.

That Cummings leave the subject of love alone.

That Patterson get up before 8:30 A. M.

That a few of the young gentlemen patronize the barber.

That the laboratory be converted into a kitchen for the special preparation of soups.



"Ah," quoth our English teacher, "Music is divine, a noble, a glorious inspiration to the soul. Not only has it power to rule the hearts of men, but spreads abroad its influence until the animals are moved by its strains. Why, even the lions and bears kept time by wagging their tails."

Teacher, (in history) Who was Voltaire?

Salz (eagerly) A French comedian.

The Senior Class is especially distinguished in Physics. It happened that a certain note on Acoustics read, "Damp the vibrating string and note the effect." Whereupon two very bright young gentlemen soaked the string in water and then tried to convince themselves that the position of the nodes had been changed. They are now, however, beginning to understand a little about Physics.

Teacher. What is a sinecure?

Bright Pupil. An office in the church.

Cummings still says "confiscated."

The Origin of the Pansy.

A certain king had a very beautiful daughter named Fay, to whom every one paid homage. Of course, this greatly enraged Venus, who wanted every one to bow down at her feet, for had she not been awarded the palm of beauty over Minerva and Juno by Paris? She, a goddess, could not endure to have any mortal receive honors that ought to be hers. Her vanity was hurt because Fay's beauty had attracted her rightful admirers. She, therefore, determined to have revenge, which she lost no time in accomplishing. She ordered a god to cast a spell over the princess—such a spell that would make her love some one of lowly station.

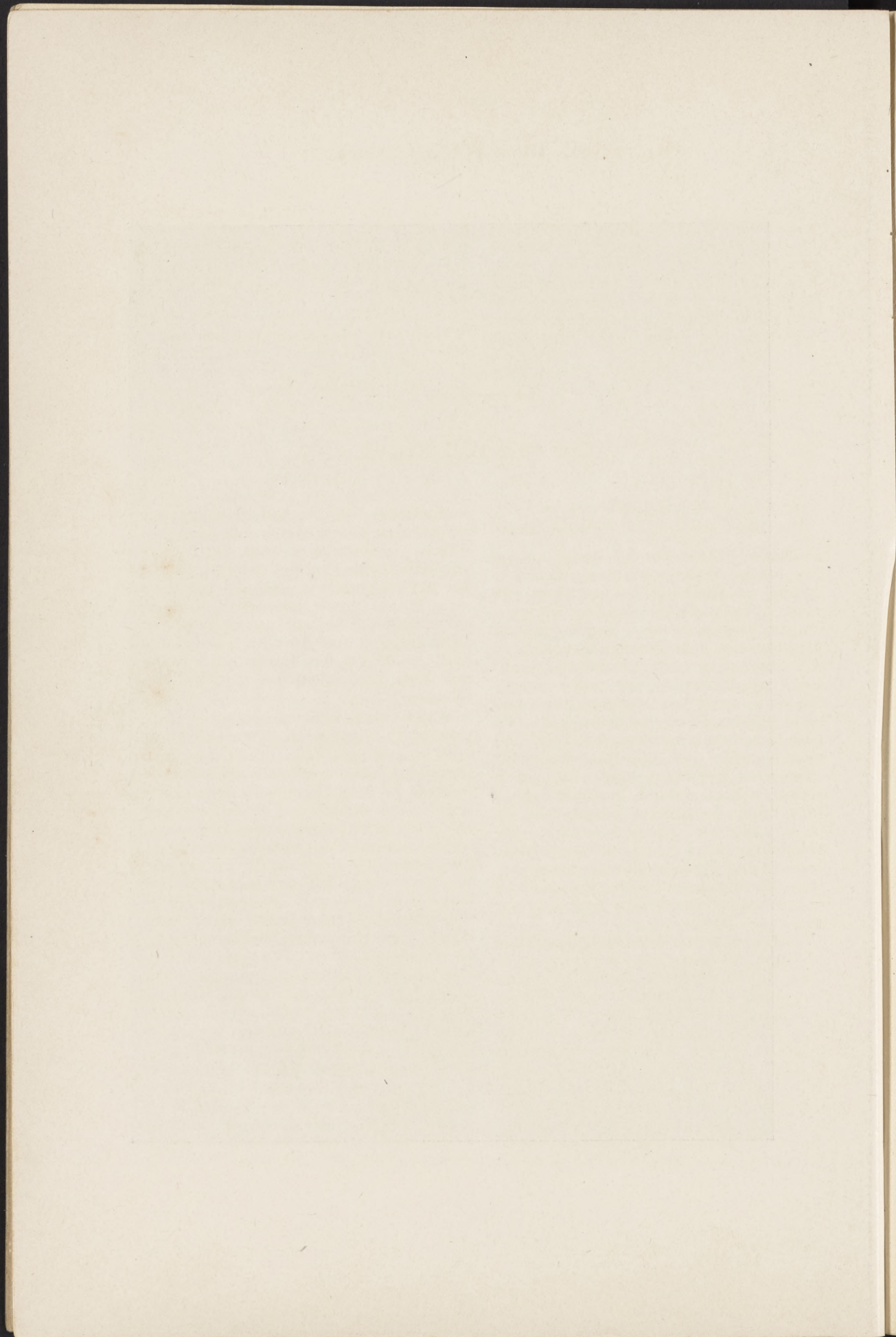
Not far away from the palace lived a youth who was very handsome, though his parents were peasants. He was very fond of hunting, and spent most of his time chasing boars, and as the princess was very fond of searching for rare flowers, she had very often seen this lowly youth, but had always ignored him. But she chanced to meet him one day, after Venus had begun to cast her evil spells on her, and straightway fell in love. He, too fell in love with her, but this is not to be wondered at, for it was Fay's fate to be loved by all who beheld her beauty. In spite of the objections of the king, they were wedded, and by the king's order had to leave the city. They wandered about, and finally settled in a land where there were no beautiful flowers. It was not long before Fay began to feel dissatisfied. She longed for beautiful flowers, and often dreamed that on a certain high mountain grew rare, bright blossoms. These dreams made her long for them. She had no other way of obtaining them but by sending her husband, who was compelled one morning to go in quest of them. Venus knew this, and wishing to increase the unhappiness of the princess, ordered a god to start a boar from ambush just as the youth was nearing the flowers.

Of course, when he returned empty-handed, Fay scolded him. Again and again he was unsuccessful, until she began to hate him; so the spell worked on as Venus wished. For now was the time the goddess wished to change love to hatred, and caused all these disappointments. One day, Fay urged him to go again in quest of the beautiful flowers, and, as usual a boar crossed his path. He gave chase, but had no chance to shoot his arrow at the animal. Apollo's chariot sunk in the West, and he was still without the flowers. He was too tired to try again and made up his mind to bear the scolding he was sure to receive on his arrival home. On his way, however, he became happy, for he espied in a certain swamp, some flowers that were guarded by a serpent, sacred to one of Venus' water nymphs; but he was unable to kill the serpent and had to go home disappointed and trembling. His fears were not lessened as he approached his house, he felt that his wife would not forgive. She had determined in his absence to punish him severely if he brought no flowers; she would make him put his feet in a tub of ice-cold water. It was now very late and it was a cold night. He tried to tell all, but she would not listen, and as he felt that he was to blame, he sat down outside of the house and put his feet in the tub of water she had brought. She retired and caring not what became of him, went to sleep. Next morning she found him dead. He looked so good that her heart became sad, and at this moment the spell of evil was broken.

Venus did not care now, for she knew that the princess could never return to the place where so much homage was paid her. The princess passed her days in weeping, and as her tears fell on the spot where her husband died, a beautiful flower sprung up. The wood nymphs, to keep her memory fresh, caused the petals to be of a beautiful purple; this



FOOT BALL TEAM



reminded her of her royal birth. And within the petals sits the little man with his feet in the tub of water; this reminds her of her cruelty. If you wish to see him, take a pansy—for that is the name of the flower given by the nymphs—and pull the beautiful petals apart and there, seated on the calyx, is the little man.

Be very careful not to tear the part below the calyx, for that is the tub. If you are careful, you will see the drops of water that still remain. "Pansy, that's for thought," and you may be sure, Fay never forgot.

J. LEONARD ROSE, '00.

Our foot Ball Record.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these,—it might have been."

That's what we all think about it. The Fates—or the umpire—seemed against us in both of those two most unfortunate games with Belmont. In the first one, we lost the ball six feet from the goal, through a mistake of the umpire, (which he afterward admitted.) In the second, the ball was only six inches from that elusive goal line and victory—six inches, just think of it! To gain that half a foot meant the football championship of all the secondary schools of California, and that, to a school with only about twenty-five boys from whom to pick; it meant that we would humble proud Belmont, the champion for two years, and carry home the winning pennant and cup; it meant,—to some, the most attractive feature of all—two banquets and three dances promised in our honor.

It was not, however, any presentiment of these rewards that influenced us to enter the lime-barred arena, but as we had much of the former season's football material to start with, and as that team had an unbroken list of victories to its credit, we decided we were strong enough to enter the Academic Athletic League. So a meeting was held, Salz was elected Captain, and hard practice begun. No one dreamed of our getting any farther than the first games, for we would surely be beaten by Oakland High School in the

first contest. But we had an old grudge against that school, which four years before had defeated our team by, I won't say what score; so we resolved to sell our lives as dearly as possible, even if we were defeated, and the night before, we propitiated the football deities by proper sacrifices and offerings on the field of battle. A bent pin, hammered into the goal post, also helped ward off evil influences.

When the eventful day, October 14th, arrived, Oakland proved so easy that with a score of 10 to 0 in the first half, Centreville contented itself with simply holding off its opponents in the second, and incidentally sending several of them off the field with broken noses, sprained knees, and other mementos of our regard for them. The only casualty on our side was that of our left half-back, who had eaten several bologne sausages,—four or five I believe,—and played right afterwards, with the natural result. Maybe he wasn't sick.

This victory gave the team more confidence, and in Berkeley, October 28th, it beat Berkeley High School so badly, 16 to 0, in the first half that the latter refused to play any more, and so Centreville won a place in the semi-finals, against the San Francisco champions, which turned out to be Lowell High School. But before this contest was held a game was played with Boone's Academy of Berkeley, November 4th, at

Centreville. This was the hardest game yet played, and it was only by hard work that that team was defeated by a score of 12 to 6.

Two weeks after this, the semi-final game between Centreville and Lowell was played on the U. C. campus. It was predicted on all sides that the team would stand no chance of winning against the trained city boys, but on a frightfully muddy field, we found time to make a score of 11 to 0 in the first half. Then, as usual, we got careless in the second half, and allowed Lowell to work a double pass and criss-cross, which netted them five points, so the game ended with the score 11 to 5 in our favor, and gave us the honor of contending for the championship with Belmont, which had also defeated all comers, and felt confident of winning the pennant for the third successive year.

Through the efforts of the members of the Centreville Athletic Club, and other individuals of the neighborhood, Jack Craig, U. C. varsity end of 1898, was secured as coach, and under him the team improved wonderfully. We met Belmont on the afternoon of November 25th, on the U. C. campus, before a crowd of over fifteen hundred spectators, the largest that had ever attended a League game. The halves were short, and the playing fierce and desperate. The tackling was low and hard, and the offensive work brilliant. But the defensive on both sides was wretched. As soon as one side got the ball, it would rip and tear almost the entire length of the field before it could be stopped. But of the two, Belmont was a little the worse, so we were able to force the ball to the two yard line, on third down, when, by a mistake of the umpire, it was called fourth, and our easy chance to score was spoiled. The game ended without a point for either side, although the ball was in Belmont territory most of the time.

During the two weeks between this and the second game, Belmont went south and defeated Los Angeles High School, the champion of Southern California. The U. H. S. team devoted its time to

training and practice games, still under the coaching of Craig.

The second game was played on the Sixteenth and Folsom Street grounds in San Francisco, before a large crowd, and it is said to have been the best played game ever seen in the State, outside of the Stanford-Berkeley games. The teams were evenly matched, and both had improved remarkably in defensive work, under expert coaching. The nearest Belmont came to our goal was seven yards, while we came to within six inches of theirs, but, as mentioned before, we fumbled and so lost a certain touchdown.

This misfortune made us feel sick and we each of us registered a solemn vow that the next game would be no tie. But when we asked the League to set a date for this struggle, we were informed that Belmont did not want to play a third game, and therefore the football committee announced that we could not play, and that neither side would get the pennant. We begged, we argued and we threatened, but all to no purpose, and we were forced to submit to the edict of a committee of three, which refused to recognize our rights in the matter, simply because it had power to do so, and chose to use their power against us. An interesting fact that might be mentioned in this connection is that the Belmont manager gave the committee a banquet the night after the second game, and before its decision was announced. All through the season it had acted in a most arbitrary manner, and this last act was exasperating. But we'll forgive them, for we got away with their five-dollar ball.

The season's work has given the High School a prestige in athletics, never before enjoyed, and it is to be hoped that the stimulus thus given will tend towards further successes in following years. But if it is ever possible to play Belmont again, may our team carry their scalp-locks from the gridiron, or die in the attempt. Until that time comes, no other victory can satiate our vengeance, and no other honor can atone for the one so unjustly lost.

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THE TEAM.

POSITION	NAME	YEAR	LBS.
Center.....	G. Kraft.....	'00.....	157
R. Guard.....	C. Cummings.....	'00.....	178
L. Guard.....	R. Tyson.....	'92.....	172
R. Tackle	O. A. Kraft.....	'99.....	152
	H. Tyson.....	'02.....	165
L. Tackle	L. Carter.....	'02.....	153
	W. Jefferis.....	'00.....	158
R. End.....	A. Bush.....	'01.....	147
L. End.....	J. L. Rose.....	'00.....	147
Quarter-back.....	E. Hugill.....	'98.....	155
R. Half-back.....	J. C. Whipple.....	'99.....	170
L. Half-back.....	M. K. Salz (Capt.).....	'01.....	138
Full-back.....	W. D. Patterson.....	'99.....	146
Average weight, 156 lbs.			

W. D. PATTERSON, Manager.

High School Tennis.

High School tennis is, and always has been, more of a game giving pleasure, than one reflecting glory on the school. Accordingly, the following account will not be a description of a series of brilliant victories, but merely a little history of the tennis club, not intended for those who wish to read about the wonderful achievements of the High School. There had always been a sort of tennis club here, but it never amounted to anything, until it was regularly organized by Miss Castelhun, about two years ago. Before this time only girls were allowed to join. This accounts for the failure of the club. (The young ladies will probably not agree with this, but whoever saw them play when they could not get a boy for a partner?) And so boys were admitted into the club, and I will now describe its prosperity from this time on.

With the help of Miss Castelhun, we drew up a constitution of very bulky proportions. In it were many good rules and not a few bad ones. A few of the good ones are in substance as follows: All members must wear tennis shoes while on the court; all club property destroyed must be replaced; 15 cents paid for each lost ball; all assessments to be levied at a meeting of the club, and in accordance with its wants. Information on the unnecessary regulations can be obtained from any member who has been suddenly notified that a fine has been

levied on him, and who, when he has refused to pay it, and demanded the reason, has been told that he walked across the court, or broke some other little rule of the club. This makes it necessary for the sub-junior member of the club to devote his spare time to a study of the constitution if he does not want to enrich the club. But for all these things, the club prospered and most of the regulations were lived up to, for the reason, that with such a president as Miss Castelhun, everybody respected the tennis club.

At the beginning of the second term, she was again elected president, and the club's prosperity kept on increasing, the trustees in the meanwhile having kindly provided for a second court. About this time, as the tennis began to lag, a tournament was arranged between the young ladies of the High School, and those of Curtner's Seminary. This proved a great success. The proceedings after the arrival of the young ladies at the appointed time; were as follows: Things began by the choosing of the officials; this was accomplished after some preliminary quarreling, customary with girls. The contest consisted of one game of doubles, and one of singles. Miss Bessie Hudson and Miss Peterson easily defeated their opponents in the doubles. Miss Blacow, who played the singles, was so evenly matched by her opponent, Miss Whipple, that the game continued

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until dark, and it had to be finished on another day, when the High School was again victorious. Thus the first year of the tennis club ended.

With the present year, the tennis club's prosperity began to fail, partly because it is the way with most clubs, either to be growing more prosperous, or to be failing, and partly because it had no strong leader. The only sign of its former activity is when the treasurer, who is deeply interested in the finances of the club, comes around and demands the dues and fines. But a few still take a deal of interest in tennis, as shown by a tournament between teams from Niles,

Centreville, and the High School, at our courts. Patterson and McCullough played the doubles, and Whipple the singles. The former played a very good game, although beaten, but it seemed as if Whipple ought to have won, because he had everything his own way. However, he became over confident, and the Niles man easily defeated him. Although in this tournament we were defeated, we at least had the pleasure of seeing our opponents in a good humor and so all were satisfied. It is a spirit like this that will keep up the tennis club if anything can.

JACK C. WHIPPLE, '99.

The Tournament.

We saw the morning sunbeams rise
And dart their sheaves up thro' the skies;
A landscape stretched in dyes of green
O'er glade, and canon and ravine.
The Monarch of the day looked down
Thro' the grey mists upon a town,
For which he had not long to seek,
For 'twas not far from Mission Peak.
On looking there, he did behold
The fertile fields, a thousand told,
And in amidst them all, he saw
A school house large, with grounds galore,
Where lawns and roses scattered wide,
Told of the busy gardener's pride.
At one side is a tennis court
For those who love the noble sport,
All marked for those who'd come to play
A tournament upon that day.
It was the Twenty-fourth of March,
That girls and boys in gowns of starch
Assembled here with smiling grace,—
Thus beauty, both in form and face,
Did reign tremendous o'er the place.
At length the tourney did begin
With shouts, and calls, and horns of tin.
Unlike the tournaments of old,
Where, all in steel, the knights so bold,
On champing steeds so richly dight,
Rushed in the Lists, a gallant sight
For silken maid and satined dame
Who came to watch the bloody game.
How changed is all this pageant court!
How changed from then the royal sport!
No steel-clad warriors on steel-clad steeds,
But all are now in lighter weeds;
For flashing armor, ducks of white
Are substituted, as gay a sight,
And simple rackets take the place
Of spear and shield, or club and mace.

UNION HIGH SCHOOL, No. 2.

Now to the present tourney look,
And leave the knights in ancient book.
I say again, it did begin
With shouts, and calls, and horns of tin.
The players four then took their place
With shaking hand, but smiling face,
For which the ladies were to blame;
Unheeding of their usual fame,
They talked, and joshed the gallant player,
And piled the praise on by the layer.
And soon the game was under way;
The players then brooked no delay.
They played with vigor, strength, and mind,
A livelier set you could not find.
The scorer, from his stand, called out
"Love forty," "Deuce," or "Vantage out,"
Then "game," and so on till the set
Was won, and then, across the net,
Each other's hand they strongly shook,
For this they had learned from the book
Of tourneys, courts and general rule,
The best read book in all the school.
The doubles were finished, and then there came
The singles between the men of fame.
These two were noted the country o'er
For their good playing, and tricks galore.
They played the game with skillful hand,
Which caused the umpire on the stand
To shout the score in hurried tones,
While from the vanquished issued groans,—
The volleys, cuts, and swiftest serves,
You'd think they'd shake the players nerves.
But no! they played until the set
Was done, and then they met
The praise from all four corners flung,
With compliments from every one.
Then in the basement of the school
Where an ample lunch was waiting cool,
The ladies summoned all to eat
Of pickles, coffee, and cold meat.
The ardent players ate with greed
The good things of this royal feed.
This done, they went again to play,
To win more glory on this day.
The afternoon then soon was spent
In playing, and in giving vent
To yells, and then the setting sun
Told all that now the day was done.
Then all the people from seats around
Got up, their buggies and wheels they found;
To home they quickly sped the way,
And thought they'd never spent such a day
Of pleasure before in all their lives.
Some told their brother's, aunts and wives,
That tennis, of all the royal games,
Was best alike, for youths and dames.
And in the future, when life seems dull
And brain is tired within the skull,
When sun shines bright in firmament,
Go watch a Tennis Tournament;
For this will drive away the cares,
And keep the head from bad night mares.
Then let me to my dying day
Know how this princely game to play.

STUART CHISHOLM, '02.

A Tennis Tournament.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

Miss Grace Petterson } defenders of High
Miss Bessie Hudson } School honors.
Miss Whitmore } defenders of Seminary honors
Miss Whipple }
An Umpire, Referee and Lineman.
Mr. A. W. Sanford, who assists the umpire.
A Bystander, who gives occasional advice.
A notoriously Bad Boy, who is never seen but
often heard.
A number of girls, scholars of the Seminary.
A crowd of noisy boys, who are out to see the
High School win.
Chorus of noisy boys.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

(2nd set.) (7th game.)

Miss Whitmore, (serving): Ready. Play!
The Boys. Pl-a-a-ay! Marbles!
The Umpire. Love—fifteen.
The Boys. Which one is fifteen?
The Chorus. "Fifteen times Fifteen," etc.
Miss Whitmore. What is the score, please?
Boys. "Now is the time to score!"
The Umpire. Deuce.
Boys. The deuce you say! Well, oh, well!
The Umpire. Will those boys please be quiet
until the score is called?
Boys. That's all right, pard. You're a peach.
Chorus. Hail! Hail! The Umpire has come!
What in the deuce do we care!
Bystander. Boys, don't use such language. It
is entirely improper, etc.
Miss Whitmore. Play!
Umpire. Advantage out!
Boys. Who's out! Slide, Kelly slide!
Miss Whitmore. Play!
The Umpire. Come! three,—four. Play ball!
Boys. Oh, don't I wish I could play tennis!
The Chorus:—
You pretty girls,—all done in curls.
Methinks me now you're bunko!
You may be "frights" at pillow fights,
At a tennis game you're Punk-oh!
Miss Whitmore (pitifully). Why don't you
yell, girls?
Girls (innocently). We don't see anything to
yell at?

Bad Boy. There goes a mouse!
Girls. Oh! Help! Murder! Where is the
mouse?
Boys, (sarcastically). "Why don't you yell
girls?"
Umpire. All ready.
Miss Peterson. Play!
Umpire. Fifteen—love.
Miss Peterson. Play!
Umpire. Thirty—love.
Miss Whipple and Whitmore. Oh what a—!
It's no such thing!
Umpire. Play ball! Ready.
Boys. Second down, five! Play ball.
The Umpire. Game. Four—all. Play!
Misses Whipple and Whitmore. Wait till we
get a drink.
Umpire. Can't delay the game. I'm sorry,
etc.
Misses Whipple and Whitmore. You horrid
mean thing. Water! Water!
Boys. Waiter! Waiter! Nigger waiter! Bring
us a glass of water, cold as ice or a little
colder!
Misses Whipple and Whitmore. Girls, bring
us a drink, quick!
Bad Boy. Barkeep! Zwei beer! Hurry up
alretty yet!
Umpire. I would like to ask you boys to be
a little quieter. It is quite impossible to call
the score, etc.
Boys. Oh! Mister Johnsing turns me loose!
Mr. Sanford, (pleadingly). Now boys, I don't
object to your yelling but will you please
wait till the end of the game and then yell.
Umpire. Thirty—forty. Play!
Boys. Um-m-m!
Umpire. Game—set!
Boys. Oh, Mister Sanford may we Y-E-L-L!
Misses Whipple and Whitmore. Water! Water!
Boys. Water! Water! Fire! get the hose cart!
Bad Boy. What's the hose made of? Rubber!
Misses Whipple and Whitmore. Those horrid
boys! Don't they know how to behave? If
it hadn't been for them, etc.
Chorus of Girls. Yes, aren't they mean! The
horrid mean things!

TABLEAU.

The Debate by a Senior.

The debate! why should it be dis-
cussed? What are the merits of the
speakers that they are worth considera-
tion in such a conspicuous place as this?
In my opinion, the debate was an insign-
ificant affair, a glorious failure. Were
it not for the sudden bursts of eloquence
on the part of the middlers, we might be
tempted to believe the whole thing a long

drawn-out scientific discussion. Oh, but
they were eloquent; the judges were
carried away. Their delivery was su-
perb, their arguments convincing, and
their treatment logical, for middlers. Yet
there is one argument or attempt at argu-
ment, which they brought forth, the
meaning of which I have not yet been
able to fathom; nights of restless tossing,

days of studious labor, have not enabled me to probe into the secret. How does the fact that the Boers wash their feet but once a week and that with a dirty rag, have anything to do with, or in any way go to prove, that England was not aggressive. The sudden outburst of the speaker who dwelt on this fact, was as startling as it was convincing, indeed, it was the overflow of pent-up, heart-felt emotions.

It was very amusing to hear one of the middlers try to dispute the authority of Mr. Bryce; the very audacity itself of such a proceeding, seems to have made a deep impression on the gentleman, for the calm, straightforward manner in which he emphasized this point was the chief feature of the day.

In general, the negative speakers were really worthy of praise. They spoke well. Nervousness, for once, lost three victims. Like rocks of adamant did they stand as they thundered forth. What a privilege to see and hear it all! What a privilege to sit with folded hands and listen and believe! It was vain for the Seniors to attempt a reply; the time-keeper thought so and was merciful enough to interpose and save a collapse.

I need speak no further. All know of the debate, all have heard of the glorious victory; the fame of the middlers has been spread far and wide,—if not, we can not blame them,—so I will attempt no eulogy but will close with this advice, that shouting is not eloquence.

BY A SENIOR.

The Debate by a Middler.

A long, long time ago, a time to which "the memory of man runneth not back," a certain class of Middles, by some accident or other, beat the Seniors in a debate. On the strength of this victory, when these Middles became Seniors, they thought that they could easily defeat the present Middles on the Boer question. To their surprise they found themselves utterly beaten, and did not know what to think of it, or how to explain it. At last they hit upon a plan which seemed feasible—they declared that they were unfairly treated. Very easy way of getting out of a difficulty, wasn't it?

However, before we agree with them, we had better look into the case and see what can be said on the other side.

When the debate began, the first speaker for the affirmative, or Senior side, got up and rambled on in a long-winded speech for about fifteen minutes. In the end, we succeeded in rescuing out of the whirlpool of his verbosity the beautiful, significant fact that the Boers had trekked. Now, herein lies the wonder. How can a man dwell on this statement for fifteen minutes and yet not lose his brains, lungs and, his reputation for sanity?

The first speaker for the negative, or Middle side, arose and proved in an incisive, forcible speech the constitutional rights of England over the Boers. The second speaker for the affirmative succeeded in developing the astounding information that the Boers had trekked again! He then had the good sense to sit down. The second speaker for the negative demonstrated the present intolerable condition of affairs in the Transvaal. The third speaker for the affirmative developed—well, I don't know what he did develop. But why dwell longer on a painful subject? The last speaker for the negative, besides showing the influences of England on the civilization of the Transvaal, if she should conquer, triumphantly refuted all of our opponents' arguments.

From this review of the case, we can see how weak is the position the Seniors have taken. In all good will and contentment, I close this paper with the parting advice to our opponents, that next time they try something of their own mental capacity—the scrubs for instance.

A MIDDLE.

The Two Paths of Life.

The day was warm and I was ill at ease; outside the sun was scalding hot, sending down waves of heat with a sickening steadiness. I could not rest, so thinking that I could find comfort in the shade, I took a book and wandered down the grassy slope to the little stream that wound its way between moist green banks to the shining lake beyond. The delicious breeze that seemed to accompany the brook at once put me in a good humor and I stretched myself upon the grass beneath the inviting shade of a weeping willow, determined to take life easy,—at least for the rest of the afternoon.

The delightful murmur of the water and the gentle rustling of the willow branches made me drowsy, and before long, I was in a semi-conscious condition. I could still hear the murmur of the brook and the rustle of the branches, but the small stream seemed to broaden into a mighty river, which farther on divided into two distinct courses; one, narrow and shallow for a short distance, and then gradually widening and becoming more easily navigable, flowed into the broad, peaceful lake; the other, broad and seemingly easy to follow at the beginning, but narrowing suddenly, plunged into a dark, ugly looking cave a few hundred yards beyond.

After watching the river for a few minutes and noticing its peculiarities, I glanced toward the source and to my surprise, I noticed two boats, each occu-

pied by a single youth, coming slowly down the stream; as they advanced toward me I could see that the persons were disputing, and as they drew near, I heard one say, "Well, you can suit yourself, but it looks a little too hard for me, so I will take the other and trust to my luck." The youth who had made this speech took the stream flowing toward the cave, the other, the stream leading to the lake.

The course of the first youth was easy for awhile, but that of the second was hard; the stream was narrow and shallow, and the first few hundred yards cost him no little effort; but he worked with a will and I was pleased when I saw him glide safely out upon the calm surface of the lake.

I had been so interested with the second youth's progress, that I neglected to watch the first; but when I looked up I could see the poor fellow fighting against the swift current that was fast carrying him toward the dark cave. At last he threw down his oars, whether from fatigue or despair, I know not, and the next moment he plunged into the dark waters. I was so affected by the poor fellow's despair that I awoke and sprang to my feet. It was dark and for a second I did not know where I was, but I soon collected my scattered thoughts and hastened to the house, where I put on a coat, and sat down to think of my peculiar dream.

L. E. C., '02.



Class Prophecy.

To lofty heights lead the paths I see,
Where wandering forms on the laureled ways,
With welcoming smile bring back to me
The "idle, sweet-do-nothing days."
* * * * *

He stands before the bright footlights
While all are held in ecstasies;
Forth pours his voice in tragic flight,
Our gallant William Jefferis.

A Sister of Mercy, May doth seem,
As round her crowd the afflicted ones,
Each striving the while to catch the gleam
Of kindness which from her brown eyes comes.

Among the poor well is she known
For deeds of kindness daily wrought,
To many a sad heart has she shown
What comfort to them may be brought.

I hear afar the name resound
Of Cummings, for his satires famed;
While to his credit now redound
The views which he in youth proclaimed.

By steady toil and greatest thought
An enviable practice Smith has gained;
His eloquence brave tears has brought
While he some culprit's case explained.

Success has come to Norris, I see;
He holds his audience dumb with wonder;
His hair is like that of Paderewski
As o'er the keys his fingers thunder.

With frowning brow and studious pose,
While the midnight oil burns dim and low,
I see the famous Professor Rose
Great care on Latin verbs bestow.

In Irvington, Kraft plies his trade;
A country paper now he runs.
All know the record he has made
In managing, and in making puns.

ALICE OLNEY, '00.

The Courses of Study.

The present annual issued by the students of this school affords a good opportunity to publish the courses of study given, and to offer some general elucidations for the benefit of the interested patrons. The courses will be found on the next page.

One point cannot be too strongly emphasized, that this school is not, and ought not to be, merely a feeder for the universities. Parents frequently entertain the impression that since their children are not, as they think, to go to the university, the high school is not for them; that if their boys are to go to school at all after leaving the Grammar Grades they ought rather to attend a business college, where one can achieve a diploma in six months. This impression is utterly wrong. The primary purpose of high schools is to enable pupils to utilize the common school rudiments to acquire knowledge and mental discipline that shall make their insight keener, their ideals of conduct higher, their activities more successful, and their influence upon society more beneficial. True education is power—a power for good, for opportunity, individually and collectively, and, as a power, is the result of long and careful culture, and its development cannot be forced by hot-house methods of instruction.

Breadth of training is quite as essential as thoroughness, and in high school can best be promoted by a diligent and simultaneous study of Literature, History, Mathematics, and Science. Literature should include at least one foreign language and some of its masterpieces; History naturally includes Civil Government. A perusal of the accompanying scheme of studies will show that these four main departments of study are very fairly represented in each of the four courses offered, prominence being given to the one or the other department according to the purpose of the course. Hence, language work predominates in the Classical and Literary courses, and Science and Mathematics in the Scientific course.

All entering pupils are presupposed to pursue a full and regular course, and all special work, except in the case of post-graduates, must be with the consent of the Executive Board of the High School Trustees.

While we wish to urge that the first aim of the high school is to afford an opportunity for an all-round, symmetrical training for the work of life, we wish also to urge that preparation for college comes in as a strong second-best. Both ends should be served simultaneously and without strain. It is a matter for congratulation that the studies of the first three courses enables students, who have obtained a fair mastery in them, to enter any American university without any conditions. Furthermore, there is no course, excepting the Commercial, which does not offer more branches than are necessary to enter at Berkeley, and a student may prepare himself fully for any course in that university.

At the beginning of the present year some changes were made. The introduction of Free-Hand Drawing for all students will commend itself to those competent to judge as to the value of studies. There are obvious reasons why this work should differentiate into Mechanical Drawing in the Scientific and Commercial courses. Instead of Solid Geometry, formerly required of all but classical students, Plane Trigonometry is required of all, for the reason that it appeals with a greater interest, gives training in practical application, and thorough functional equations associates Algebra and Geometry, hence giving a better insight into the relations of elementary mathematics.

Another change that commends itself consists in putting American History and Civics after Ancient and Modern History, instead of between them, as heretofore. It seems cause for regret that Senior English is dropped in the Classical course, but changes in the entrance requirements by the State University make it unavoidable. Besides, three year's work in Greek, with a study of two of its masterpieces, more than compensates for the loss.

In this connection attention might be called to the fact that however much the work of the courses is differentiated, none has a real advantage in the amount of effort required. Therefore, no student will be disappointed to find that his course is not the hardest. The work is as logically and as symmetrically arranged as circumstances would permit anywhere, and is easy of accomplishment for the pupil of average ability.

Alameda County Union High School, No. 2.

COURSES OF STUDY.

	Classical.	Literary.	Scientific.	Commercial.
Sub-Junior.	English Latin { (a) History of Greece { (b) History of Rome Algebra Free-Hand Drawing	English Latin Botany Free-Hand Drawing	English Latin Botany Free-Hand Drawing	English Latin or Botany Commercial Arithmetic Algebra Free-Hand Drawing
Junior.	English Latin Greek Plane Geometry Free-Hand Drawing	English Latin { (a) History of Greece { (b) History of Rome Plane Geometry Free-Hand Drawing	English Zoology { (a) History of Greece { (b) History of Rome Plane Geometry Free-Hand Drawing	English Book-keeping, Business Forms and Commercial Law { (a) History of Greece { (b) History of Rome Plane Geometry Free-Hand Drawing
Middle.	English Latin Greek { (a) Algebra { (b) Plane Trigonometry Free-Hand Drawing	English * Latin, French or German Med. and Mod. History { (a) Algebra { (b) Plane Trigonometry Free-Hand Drawing	English Chemistry Med. and Mod. History { (a) Algebra { (b) Plane Trigonometry Free-Hand Drawing	English Chemistry Med. and Mod. History { (a) Algebra { (b) Plane Trigonometry Free-Hand Drawing
Senior.	Greek Latin U. S. History and Civics Physics Free-Hand Drawing	English Latin, French or German U. S. History and Civics Physics Free-Hand Drawing	English { (a) Advanced Algebra { (b) Solid Geometry U. S. History and Civics Physics Mechanical Drawing	English { (a) Advanced Algebra { (b) Solid Geometry U. S. History and Civics Physics Mechanical Drawing

* The language chosen must be continued through the remainder of the course.

(a) denotes first half-year studies.

(b) denotes second half-year studies.

Drawing two hours a week.

All other studies five times a week.



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